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THE POLISH DREAM.

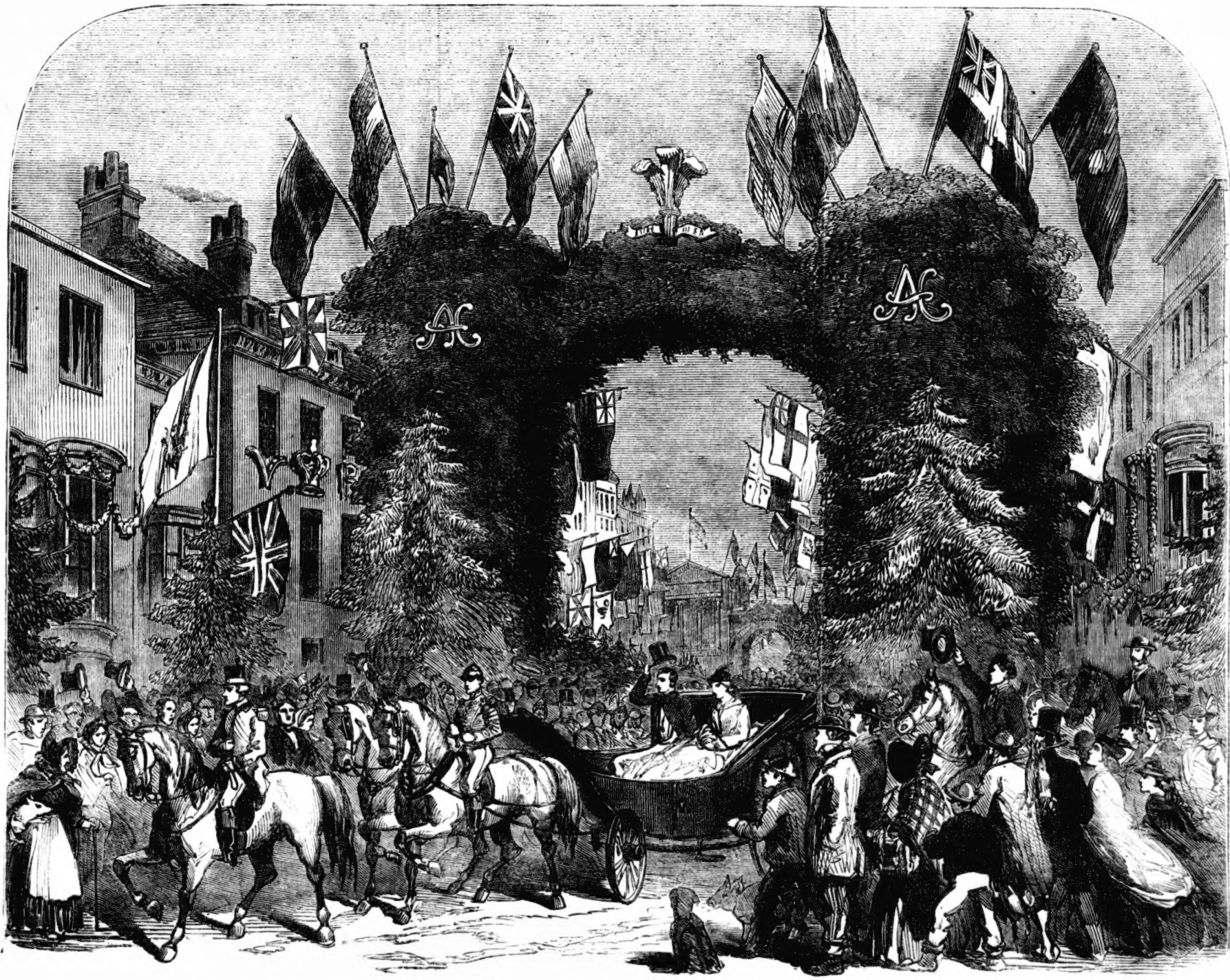
ONLY a few years ago Europe was overcome with a dream of freedom too fantastic and too glorious, as it seemed, ever to be consolidated into reality—to take on flesh and blood and live. To this day, and with all the facts before us for our contemplation, the revolution which ended in the creation of a free Italian Kingdom appears almost mythical. We saw in it a triumph of puny right over mighty wrong, of principle over power, which we were not only unprepared for in those times, but scarcely could believe or understand. The experience upon which our latter-day wisdom is built, failed us altogether: it was confounded when we beheld good common-sense armies flying before a romance-hero with "Liberty" on his sword, and Sovereignities dissolving at the apparition of a red shirt. The heroic times had come back, it seemed. Poets knew as much about the government of the world as any Cæsar, after all; or it was possible, perhaps, that the days of miracles had not ceased, and that the Divine hand might yet actually smite with those who warred against intolerable oppression. The dream was realised. The freedom of a long-enslaved people was won by the romance-hero against tremendous odds in *cavalerie, infanterie, and artillerie*, with all

the dictates of prudence and commonsense to boot. French intervention had much to do in bringing about the result, no doubt; but the romance-hero had won *that*.

And after such an event—such an example—what could not be hoped for freedom? What might not other oppressed peoples hope to achieve? The hundred thousand bayonets, which (not without reason) had hitherto been thought a sufficient answer to any proposition for a popular rising, had lost much of their significance now; and when we heard a few weeks since that the Poles had broken into rebellion—that they had conquered here and there the disciplined troops sent to chastise them—that their enemies, divided into small bands, had become dispersed and almost lost in the attempt to stamp out the flame which sprang up everywhere over an immense tract of difficult country—when, moreover, we saw the Czar's soldiers behaving with a ferocity which seemed to prophecy their own destruction—the Italian dream returned. Once more it might be found, we thought, that armies, and citadels, and actual gunpowder were not more safely to be predicated of than the strength of a righteous cause. Poland might be free. True, the hope hesitated. Many misgivings crept into our minds when we considered the

enormous power of Russia, and the unscrupulous use she is accustomed to put it to; but had we not misgivings about Garibaldi's enterprise at the beginning? How many of his exploits appeared credible till they were accomplished? Not many; and therefore we were prepared to believe possible everything attempted by the Polish patriots, till it had failed. Another and more recent example of rebellion under difficulties encouraged this hopeful state of feeling. When the American contest commenced only a few people in Europe supposed that the Southern States could hold out long against the power of the North; but, unprovided as they were with arms, clothing, or any organisation, the Southerners *have* made successful war by dint of bravery, self-sacrifice, and the advantages of choosing their operations in a vast and difficult country. The Poles are brave, desperate, self-sacrificing; their country, too, is a difficult one for the invader. Much was to be hoped for, certainly.

Two or three Polish victories (unimportant)—two or three vigorous little Russian butcheries—two or three wise and heartless speeches in certain Parliamentary assemblies—a flourish of French trumpets, boldly beginning with the "advance," and mildly ending with the "retreat"—one mistake about a



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, ON MARKET-DAY.—(FROM A SKETCH BY P. BRANNON.)

dictatorship and one defeat of the Dictator—and what has become of the dream? They may cling to it yet—the Poles, who are still fighting and still gaining little victories; but, as for us, the fond, the cheap illusion is gone. At the very first shock it melts away: our brief superstition about the God of Battles has come to an end untimely. It was a respectable weakness—that, no doubt, is felt universally; and every one will concede that it is a pity it was not left to bloom amid the barren unbelief of the nineteenth century. But Langiewicz is defeated, and a prisoner; and all is over at once with our poor, timid hopes for the success of Polish patriotism. How deep our faith, our aspirations, must have been! and, now, how about our moral support? So far as we ourselves understand the principle upon which this boon is granted, it is not quite enough that a rebellion (say) should be just, it must show that it has a reasonable chance of success. That is why "moral support" is so called, perhaps. Now, it is scarcely probable that Lord Palmerston ever deliberately believed in the potency of abstract right, or shared any superstition about a God of Battles; therefore we cannot suppose him actuated by such notions in flinging the moral influence of his country to the Poles; and if the Cabinet was not moved by such notions, then did they—being pre-determined not to give the rebellion any material assistance—think the insurgents had a chance of success? And now that fortune seems to have declared for the Cossacks at present, will the blessing of our moral support be continued to the unfortunates whom they murder? We hope so; and, what is more, have no doubt that the country will be assured that it shall be so. Only we have our misgivings still. We observe it stated in the newspapers that now Europe may prepare to witness a gradual suppression of the revolt, which means, considering the natural obstinacy and the desperation of the Poles, that we may look out for massacres daily till they are completely cowed. The ferocity of his Imperial Majesty's soldiery is prophetic of that now, and not of their own destruction; and if the Poles prove obstinate—obstinate in a just though hopeless cause—what can you do but shoot them—and go on shooting them? Mild as the Russian Emperor may be, "nothing" is the answer he will and must give to that question when it arises; and, should the philanthropic Western Governments interpose on behalf of the insurgents with their moral influence, they will have to admit the cogency of the answer, "Submission first, absolute submission, and then we'll talk of amnesties and reforms most cheerfully; but it is impossible to treat with armed rebels; they must take the sharp consequences of resistance to lawful authority." However hopeless and desperate the conflict may become, and though thousands of men may continue to be slaughtered for liberty's sake, that reply must be accepted as justification enough, unless, indeed, other Powers take up at last their right to interfere by arms.

In short, here is a case in which we believe this moral influence to be worthless, as we hinted last week; and there is so much cant about the pretension that we should be glad to see it abandoned forthwith. We can be honest, if we cannot afford to be "Quixotic." The Russian Government and the Polish people—the weaker and the stronger party, the oppressor and oppressed—are left to fight it out as freely as if there were no other nation in Europe, sympathetic or unsympathetic—save Prussia, of course, which favours the stronger side. Let us acknowledge that fact, ungrateful though it may be, and pray that Freedom may prosper, or discover as soon as may be that she sheds her blood vainly. But, luckily, there is reason to believe that it will not be shed altogether in vain, in any event; for it is impossible to doubt that the Russian Emperor is at bottom a man of sense and humanity. If the Poles fail to win their independence, Alexander will continue to deal with them as he pleases. M. Billaut and Karl Russell have explained how that is to be; but we do believe he will deal with them sagaciously, and not without reference to "moral influences" either.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The debate in the Senate on the Polish question gave occasion for the delivery of two remarkable speeches. The first was by Prince Napoleon, declared to have been the most eloquent he ever made, in which his Imperial Highness boldly advocated direct and immediate intervention by arms if necessary on behalf of the Poles. The other notable oration was made by M. Billaut, in reply to his Prince's harangue, and in explanation of the Emperor's policy, which he declared in substance to be non-intervention by arms, but using all good offices with Russia in order to obtain some amelioration of the condition of things in Poland. In the course of his speech the Minister cleared the British Government of the charge which had been made against it of wishing to induce France to embark in a war in which England was not prepared to support her. The views of M. Billaut were ultimately affirmed by the Senate by a majority of 113 to 17 votes. Some doubt being expressed as to whether the Minister or the Prince spoke the real sentiments of the Emperor, his Majesty has addressed a letter to M. Billaut, thanking him for the "faithful and eloquent" interpretation of the Imperial policy contained in his late speech. That speech, the Emperor says, was in all points in accordance with his meaning; and he adds that he rejects any other interpretation of his sentiments.

Prince Meternich, the Austrian Ambassador, has returned to Paris from his journey to Vienna, whither he was summoned to a consultation relating to the Polish question. He had on Monday an interview, lasting two hours, with the French Foreign Minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys. Of course the purport of the interview must be a matter of the merest conjecture; but the Paris papers speak very hopefully of the disposition of Austria in regard to negotiations for the settlement of the Polish question.

ITALY.

The Italian Ministry has undergone certain "modifications," which were expected. Signor Farini has retired because of ill-health; and Count Pasolini has resigned his post "for private reasons," as it was announced to the Italian Parliament. Signor Minghetti becomes President of the Council, and Viscount Venosa Minister for Foreign Affairs.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government have declined to entertain the proposition of the Military Committee of the Chamber of Deputies limiting the period of military service to two years, and declared that no understanding was possible between it and the Chambers on the question.

The Berlin Chamber of Deputies sent a deputation within the last few days to the King to congratulate him upon the anniversary of his birthday. The King received the deputation very graciously, it appears; expressed his full belief in the loyalty and fidelity of the Representative Chamber (wherein his Minister, Von Bismarck, very lately enunciated quite a different opinion), and added the assurance of a hope that all existing differences might be removed, and pending questions be brought to a solution within the current year.

RUSSIA.

The Czar has issued a decree completely emancipating the peasantry in the Governments of Wilna, Grodno, Minsk, &c., and releasing them from all obligations to the landed proprietors. This measure seems timed in order to check the well-known inclination of the Lithuanian chiefs to join in the Polish movement.

GREECE.

Intelligence from Greece points to a possible solution of the crown question in favour of Duke William of Baden, by common agreement between the French and Russian partisans. His recent marriage with the Duchess of Leuchtenberg would afford a prospect of an heir to the dynasty brought up in the Eastern Church, a point somewhat underestimated by statesmen westwards. It is certain that Christides has been in communication with Drouyn de Lhuys, and leaves Paris for Athens, with instructions to promote such an arrangement.

MEXICO.

Mexican papers to the 17th ult. contain a proclamation issued by General Forey to the Mexicans on that day, announcing that the French army was about to march upon the capital to execute the purposes for which it entered the country—those of obtaining by force from the pretended head of the nation just reparation for the wrongs committed against Frenchmen, and to aid the people of Mexico in the establishment of a stable form of government of their own choice.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

DEFEAT AND FLIGHT OF LANGIEWICZ.

The Polish Dictator, Langiewicz, after holding that office for little more than a week, has suffered a decided defeat, been compelled to retire from Polish soil, and, having delivered himself up to the Austrian authorities, is now a prisoner in the castle of Cracow. The following account of this affair, which decidedly damps the hopes of the friends of Poland, although it does not by any means appear to have extinguished the insurrection, is extracted from a letter dated Vienna, March 21:—

"About ten days ago Langiewicz hurriedly left the village of Gocz za, which lies to the south-east of Skala, in order to escape from the Russians, whom he knew to be advancing against him from Slowkow and Okuz in the west, Walbrom in the north, and Miechow in the east. Langiewicz marched in a north-easterly direction, and passed by Sienowka, Gilbotow, and Zyrzyn on his way to a small place called K-jasz, which is to the north of Miechow on the road to Jedrz-jow. It must be supposed that when Langiewicz reached K-jasz he learnt that a Russian column under Colonel Ziobrow was at Jedrz-jow, for, quitting the high road, he marched in the direction of Chroberg, a village on the Nida, which he reached in the afternoon of the 16th inst. When the Polish Commander had quitted K-jasz, Colonel Ziobrow marched from Jedrz-jow, in the north, to Pinczow; General Szachowski advanced from Miechow, in the west, to Dzialozycze; and a third Russian column, under the command of Colonel Czengra, moved from Stognica, in the east, towards Chroberg. On the 16th a battle was fought between about 10,000 Russians, under the command of General Szachowski, and the insurgents under Langiewicz and Jezioran-ki. The engagement lasted from half-past two in the afternoon till seven in the evening, and it ended in the defeat of the Poles, who lost their baggage and forage-waggons. The Russians renewed the attack on the three following days at Zagoscie and Busk, and in the afternoon of the 19th the corps under Langiewicz existed but in name. Many of the insurgents crossed the Vistula in the morning of the 19th, and in the evening of that day Langiewicz would have followed their example if the Austrian authorities at Uscie would have consented to receive him as a common traveller. The *Czas* informs us that the Poles obtained some partial success at Chroberg and Zagoscie in the morning of the 18th, but that in the afternoon they were obliged to seek safety in flight, as the Russians had received very large reinforcements. The insurrection in Poland has received a very severe check; but I am not inclined to think that it will speedily be entirely quelled."

General Langiewicz and a hundred of his personal adherents, two of whom were women, crossed the Galician frontier at Opatowice on the 20th, and surrendered to the Austrian authorities, who at once sent them under escort to Tarnow. Langiewicz at first negotiated with the Austrians, and tried to obtain from them a promise that he and his followers should not be removed into the interior of Galicia; but Lieutenant-General Count Mensdorff would make no concessions, and the fugitives were therefore obliged to surrender at discretion.

Some of the persons who accompanied the Polish General were wounded, and, as they were unable to travel to Tarnow, they were given in charge to the medical men who are with the Austrian troops on the frontier. The *Cracow Czas* says that the corps under Langiewicz "broke up into small bands" after its defeat; but it was known at Vienna that the Poles were regularly routed, and that no attempt has since been made to collect and reorganise the fugitives. The Austrian authorities are making the necessary preparations for the reception of the disheartened insurgents, of whom no fewer than 4000 are expected. As a rule, the Polish refugees leave their weapons behind them, as unarmed men are unmolested by the Austrian authorities, while those who have arms are interned—that is, forced to reside in some place at a distance from the frontier.

Telegrams from different quarters still continue to report engagements between the Poles and Russians, attended with varied fortune, but all tending to show that the defeat and dispersion of Langiewicz's corps does not indicate that the insurgents in other quarters are at all either subdued or disheartened. The revolutionary committee at Warsaw has again resumed the functions of a provisional government, since Langiewicz by leaving Poland abdicated his functions of Dictator. Mieroslawski and some members of the said revolutionary committee or provisional government have published a protest against the assumption of the office of Dictator by Langiewicz, that office having, as they assert, being previously betowed upon Mieroslawski. The publication of this protest shows that dissensions existed in the ranks of the Poles, and this may, to some extent, account for the recent unfortunate occurrences.

It is asserted, and likewise denied, that the Russians had availed themselves of the convention with Prussia and marched troops across the territory of that Power to facilitate operations against the insurgents. A party of Cossacks is also reported to have violated Austrian territory, and stopped and plundered a patrol, killing one of the soldiers.

News received from Kalisch announces that a severe engagement took place on the 21st near Konin. The Russians sustained serious losses, four of their officers and sixty privates being killed. Prince Wittgenstein was also wounded and taken prisoner by the insurgents.

Reinforcements, under the command of General Brunner, were sent to the Russians from Kalisch on the 23rd.

A SUPERB DINNER SERVICE in Sevres porcelain will be presented by the Emperor Napoleon to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a colossal vase in the same material has been ordered for them by the Empress. This vase will be adorned with two large portraits of their Imperial Majesties, and small medallions of the other members of the Imperial family. A Gobelin's carpet will be also included in the presents.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE intelligence from America, which reaches to the 13th inst., is interesting in many respects. The bill passed by Congress on the last day of its Session to repress speculations in gold had produced a panic in the New York money market. The premium on gold fell enormously, and the utter ruin of all the small speculators was the result. The price of the precious metals had again somewhat rallied, but the market was in an excited and unsettled state.

The President had issued a proclamation requiring all absentees from the army to return by the 1st of April, and threatening with the punishment due to deserters all who shall after that date continue to absent themselves. The bill authorising the issue of letters of marque, which passed Congress on the last day of the Session, had received the signature of the President.

A great meeting has been held on the 6th inst. at the Cooper Institute, Mr. Opycke, Mayor of New York, in the chair, at which a resolution was offered approving the action of the President and Congress in declining as unfriendly mediation by foreign Powers. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, addressed the Democracy of New York on the 10th. He expressed his belief that the Union would ultimately be restored, but denied emphatically that it would be restored by violence. Mr. Pendleton, also of Ohio, addressed the same association on the following evening in a similar spirit.

The Federal debt up to the 1st of March, 1863, was estimated at \$68,000,000 dols., which estimate was considered accurate.

A Confederate Lieutenant, captured near Charleston, states that peace negotiations had been progressing at Richmond for three weeks; but the papers there were not allowed to allude to them.

The popular dislike to the negro race in the West has just exhibited itself in a painful manner at Detroit. A negro, accused of an outrage on a white girl, was being escorted to prison, when the mob endeavoured to seize him from the soldiers and to execute summary vengeance. The soldiers fired upon the crowd in defence of their prisoner. A great riot ensued, in which many unoffending coloured men were murdered; thirty-two negro houses were burnt or otherwise destroyed; and 200 people rendered homeless. The presence of a strong military force prevented a renewal of the outbreak on Sunday morning.

The Provost Marshal of Baltimore had forbidden the sale of photographic portraits of distinguished Confederates and of Secession music, and had ordered their seizure wherever found.

Brigham Young had been arrested in Utah under the Polygamy Act. He was released on giving bonds to appear for trial.

WAR NEWS.

The Confederate General Van Dorn appeared at the head of a large force at Springfield, about twenty-five miles south of Nashville, Tennessee, on the 5th inst. His attack-d and totally routed an inferior force of Federals, commanded by Colonel Coburn. Three regiments of infantry were cut to pieces or captured. One regiment of cavalry escaped. It is said that 2000 prisoners fell into Van Dorn's hands, with which he returned to Shelbyville, the Confederate position. The Federal General Gilbert was at Franklin, twelve miles distant, but was unable to render assistance.

General Grant's army before Vicksburg was greatly reduced by sickness. An agent of the Sanitary Commission states that nearly every tent is an hospital, that on the 26th ult. the number of sick was 12,000, of whom a large number were dying daily, and that altogether there were not more than 20,000 men fit for duty.

A report had reached Memphis that a battle had occurred on the Yazoo River, in which the Federals captured 7000 Confederates and eight transports. The New York press generally credit this report, as it was known that the Federal gun-boats were prepared to ascend the Yazoo River. Rumours were current in Cairo, but not generally credited, that the Confederates had captured Forts Henry and Donelson. Large Confederate forces were said to be massed in Tennessee—one to hold General Rosecranz in check, while the others flank him and enter Kentucky, moving direct on Louisville and Cincinnati. General Longstreet did not go to Tennessee, as reported, but had his headquarters at Petersburg, Virginia, and had 18,000 men below that city. On the 7th inst. the Federal cavalry attacked the Confederates at Unionville, ten miles from Murfreesboro', Tennessee, capturing their camp equipage and a number of prisoners.

A body of Confederate cavalry had made a sudden descent upon Fairfax Courthouse, within the Federal lines, and had succeeded in carrying off General Stoughton, Provost Marshal Osceola, from 50 to 100 prisoners, and 110 horses. Despatches received from the Rappahannock assert that the Confederates have armed and uniformed negroes doing picket duty on the Rappahannock.

No attack on Charleston had occurred up to the 8th inst.; but General Hunter had issued preliminary orders, showing that an attack would soon commence.

Three Federal Monitors had bombarded Fort M'Allister during twenty hours. They were struck several times, but not injured. They could not get near enough to the fort to dismantle it on account of the obstructions in the river. The attack would not be renewed.

IRELAND.

THE RIOTS IN CORK.—Seven persons have been indicted at Cork Assizes for being concerned in the disgraceful riots in that city on the Royal wedding day. One of them is a young man named Lynch, occupying a rather respectable position. For some days prior to the day in question the walls of this city were covered with placards calling on the people not to illuminate. Lynch had a placard exhibited over his own shop-door on the Grand Parade in the following words:—"Ireland for the Irish! Gas a poor substitute for the starving poor!" He put up with his own hands a placard in precisely the same words over the shop-door of his brother-in-law, a man named Donegan; and, when the illuminations commenced, he was seen in Mr. Donegan's window to wave his hat to the mob outside. Immediately on his doing so stones were thrown at the windows of Mr. Walter Dyas, a respectable trader, and his property destroyed to a very considerable extent.

THE YOUNG MEN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION AT TRALEE.—The members of this society have been in the habit of feasting together on St. Patrick's Day, when their Bishop, Dr. Moriarty, and their parish priest, Dr. Mawe, were wont to honour the assembly with their presence. On this occasion everything was arranged as usual, and a grand display was expected. The Pope's health was first on the list of toasts, and the Queen's was excluded. There was great disappointment when it was found that neither the Bishop nor the parish priest made his appearance. The Rev. Mr. Kearney, the spiritual director of the society, was called to the chair. He read an apology from Dr. Moriarty, which was received in silent silence. The two rebellious toasts above mentioned were omitted by the chairman; an explanation was demanded, and the meeting insisted on having the toast. But the chairman having written peremptory orders from his ecclesiastical superior not to give them, firmly refused, whereupon the young men unanimously voted him out of the chair, and he retired, with another riot, amid a scene of confusion. Another chairman was appointed, and the obnoxious toasts were given and drunk with great enthusiasm. In consequence of these proceedings, Dr. Moriarty has dissolved the society.

SCOTLAND.

THE PAISLEY PRESENT TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—The shawl presented by the wives and daughters of the operative weavers of Paisley, which formed one of the bridal gifts to Princess Alexandra, was an Indian shawl, made of rich silk, designed and woven in Paisley, the material being selected out of a lot of twenty-one; these were all made of cashmere, so that the ladies are not obliged to depend on Asiatic manufacturers and weavers for cashmere shawls. The shawl presented to the Princess was selected by twelve or fifteen weavers, who were ignorant of the name of the manufacturer, so that all prejudice or favour was entirely obviated, the choice being decided solely on the ground of the intrinsic merit of the article shown.

THE PROVINCES.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT ACCRINGTON.—A sad accident took place on Saturday morning at Accrington, by which five men have lost their lives. A co-operative society in the town had begun to build a cotton-mill—we presume before the famine overtook them. Six men were engaged in plastering the walls of the building when one of the floors fell in. One of them had a narrow escape, as he was just entering the building, and had time to get out. One man has been taken out dead; the others were, by the last accounts, lying crushed and buried under the heavy beams of iron and wood, and the other debris which the fall of the flooring brought with it.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—At Monkwearmouth a Methodist preacher was leaning over the front of the pulpit, and delivering himself with much fervour, when he suddenly overbalanced himself, being a man of many inches, and came tumbling over into the singing pew. The fallen orator came down with his broadside upon a music-stand, shivering its timbers in a very complete manner. Rising to his feet with wonderful alacrity, he exclaimed, "Be calm, people, I'm no worse; and, bless God! I believe I'd fallen twice as far I shouldn't have been killed."

INHUMANITY BY A STEPMOTHER.—A coroner's jury have just returned a verdict of manslaughter against Sarah Lees, who was proved to have so brutally treated her stepchild, William Reeve, between three and four years of age, as to accelerate, if not occasion, his death. The poor child's body was a mass of sores, and several of the front teeth had been knocked out. On removing the scalp the whole of the part under the forehead was an entire bruise, covered with extravasated blood. There were also two other bruises at the crown of the head and one at the back part, and in a similar condition. The stomach was contracted and perfectly empty. The bones of the right forearm were fractured, and there was no bony union. The woman Lees was in the habit of striking the child with her fists, lifting him up by the hair of the head and dashing him on the ground, beating him with a strap until the blood flowed, thrusting him into a tub of cold water, and afterwards making him drink it whilst in the foetid condition. The inhuman wretch was committed for trial at the next Staffordshire Assizes.

THE CONFESSION OF THE CONVICT AUSTIN.—Noah Austin, who was executed on Tuesday, on the Wednesday previous made a voluntary confession in presence of the Rev. Philip Wynter, D.D., the visiting justice. He said:—"I did not buy the pistol with the intention of shooting Mr. Allen. On Wednesday, the 11th of February, Mr. Allen had behaved ill to his daughter by turning her out of doors. She sent for me on the following morning, and, after telling me of his treatment, said she wished some accident would happen to him. I said, 'I will see, but we shall be found out.' She said, 'O, no, we shall not. Be sure you come down in the evening, and we will arrange it.' My impression was that she wished her father to be got rid of. I went to the mill again on Thursday evening and saw Miss Allen; she again said she wished that something would happen to her father. More words passed between us, but I do not remember exactly what they were. Her father then came in tipsy, and I felt anxious to avoid a quarrel, as, when he was in that state, he could not say anything against me but enough. I felt sure that Miss Allen wished me to get rid of her father, and I left the mill with the intention of carrying out what I believed to be her wish; but I do not think she knew that I should do so the next day, though I am sure she thought I should do so at some time. I then determined to go to Bicester next day with my father for the purpose. I carried the pistol in my pocket. I could not have done it unless I had had some drink. I went to a strange place in Bicester that I might not be known, either the Nag's Head or the King's Head, and I had about two glasses of strong beer. I then returned with Mr. Allen, as stated in the evidence, and when sitting by his side raised the pistol to his cheek and fired the first shot, which caused him at once to fall over the off side of the cart. While he was falling I fired the other shot, and when he was lying on the ground I took the purse out of his pocket. There were only a few shillings in it. I knew he had the £5 note in his breast pocket and the check; but I did not want his money. I took the purse to make it appear that he had been robbed as well as murdered. I tied the horse to the gig, as stated in the evidence, and on the way to the mill I placed the pistol in my father's gig, and then went to my sister's room and put the purse in the desk where it was found by the police."

THE CITY COMPANIES.

We give this week an Engraving showing the city of London procession on the occasion of the reception of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on the 7th inst. In this procession, as originally arranged, all the City companies, with their banners and functionaries in official costume, were duly marshalled, and formed a prominent feature in the display. It would be of little use, however, to reprint the official programme, especially as it is very doubtful whether it was, to any great extent, adhered to in the confusion which unfortunately prevailed; but the following notes on the banners, liveries, &c., of the City companies will be interesting:—The heraldic devices of most of the livery companies are of old date; and, notwithstanding that many of the banners had been newly emblazoned for the late occasion, the subject has considerable interest. In the procession the banners and carriages of the representatives of the companies were marshalled according to their now acknowledged right of precedence, the most honourable position being nearest to the Lord Mayor. Of the seventeen companies which took part in the ceremonial twelve are distinguished as the "great City companies"; and these, as is the custom, had places of distinction before the five companies which lift the van. We will give some notes respecting the rise and progress of these companies by-and-by, but will now remark that in the procession the Mercers came immediately before the Lord Mayor, and were preceded by the Grocers (formerly called Peppercorers), then the Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers—these being the twelve great companies—and before them went the Tallow-chandlers, Gilders, Carpenters, Cooks, and Coach and Coach-harness makers.

Most of the devices of the companies' arms are composed of figures, &c., which have reference to each particular branch of trade. Conspicuously shown on the Carpenters' arms are three compasses; on that of the Vintners, three tuns, and a crest of Bacchus; on the Mercers' flag is a "dainty lady," with long flowing locks; the Grocers' coat displays doves, &c.; and on the Fishmongers' shield are the cross keys of St. Peter, dolphins, and some other fish; this is supported on one side by an armed man, on the other by a mermaid with a comb and a glass in her hands. Several of the mottoes have a devotional character—for instance, that of the Drapers, "Unto God only be Honour and Glory;" the Grocers', "God Grant Grace;" the Fishmongers', "All Worship be to God only," &c. Besides the banners of the companies, there were displayed streamers of the City arms (the red cross of St. George and the dagger) and richly-painted flags of both the shield and the supporters. Intermixed were the banners of the patron saints of the companies; also the flags of worthies both ancient and modern. Amongst these might be noted the banners of Richard Whittington, Sir Thomas Gresham, and other persons of note in days gone by, and the standards of Royal and illustrious personages. There were also the banners of England and Denmark, the Royal standard, union jack, &c. These were carried by men in coats, caps, and hats of various fashion and colour, and on the arms of most were the badges of the companies; and the hats and caps were gaily ornamented with large rosettes of the national colours of Denmark.

The costume of the badges of the livery companies and the City wards is remarkable. Some wore the old-fashioned cocked-hat and the long tailed gowns which were the fashion of Queen Elizabeth and James I.'s reigns. On the sleeves of some were silver badges, on others there were silver-gilt, and all richly chased with coats-of-arms, &c. The maces and heads of the staffs carried by the badges are for the most part of silver, and of beautiful workmanship—generally the patron saint of the livery or ward forms a prominent portion of the design.

The livery companies of London derive their origin from the early associations termed GUILDS, and were either ecclesiastical or secular. Ecclesiastical guilds were for devotion and "almshouse." Both in ancient times were distinguished by various religious observances, and partook to a certain extent of the nature of monastic institutions.

Guilds, although not so named, are found almost in the classical antiquity, and implied with them, as with us, societies which contributed certain sums for common uses. Their artificers and traders were also formed into companies, like those of later times, and occupied particular streets, to which they gave names. The latter custom only began to be discontinued in London in the reign of Richard II., and is distinctly noticed by Elizabethan, two centuries earlier, as of classic growth. "This city, even as Rome, is divided into wards, and all the sellers of wares, all the workmen for hire, are distinguished every morning in their places and in the streets." Gervase of Canterbury, who wrote about the same time, speaks of both French and English skilled in stone and woodwork travelling in guilds or societies for the purpose of building. Our Kings impressed their workmen from such when wanted.

Of the government of the Anglo-Saxon trade guilds but little is known. They, however, seem to have consisted of a triple estate, or head council, and associates. The favourite number of the council, with its principal, was thirteen, in imitation, it is said, of Christ and his Apostles. Of this date we have the Knights Guild, the Gilda Teutonorum, or steelyard merchants, and the ancient guild of the saddlers, called the Gilda Sellariorum. Mr. Herbert, in his history of

the twelve great City companies, says that, strictly speaking, there is only an account of one guild of the Anglo-Norman period. This was the Telarii, or Woollen Cloth Weavers, though there must have been then many trading guilds in London. In Scotland there were formerly many guilds, of the nature called secular, though none of them are to be traced beyond the Conquest. In the reign of Henry II. English guilds were common institutions. King John formed various merchants' guilds; and, in order to show how powerful those fraternities had become in the reign of Henry III., it is worth while to mention that in 1226 so great a quarrel arose between the goldsmiths and the tailors, that each party, with their friends, met on an appointed night, to the number of five hundred men, completely armed, and proceeded to decide their differences by blows. Many were killed and wounded on each side; nor could they be parted until the Sheriffs, with the City posse comitatus, came and apprehended the ringleaders, thirteen of whom were condemned and executed.

The reign of Edward III., an important period in connection with the progress of English commerce, was also remarkable for the reconstruction of the trading fraternities, which thenceforward, generally assuming a distinctive dress or livery, came to be called "Livery Companies." Nor was this the only favour conferred by that Monarch; for, having found that these brotherhoods were the mainstay of the trade of his kingdom, and having thus given them stability, he determined also to raise them in the public estimation, and became himself a member of one of these societies. The Linen Armourers, now Merchant Taylors, who were then great importers of woollen cloth, which the King sought to make the staple manufacture of England, were the first company which could boast a Sovereign amongst their members.

Towards the close of the reign of Richard II. there may be noticed a separation of the wealthier from the more indigent companies, or of such as sent most members to Common Council and paid the highest "ermes"—viz., the Taylors, Vintners, Skinners, Fishmongers, Mercers, Grocers, Goldsmiths, Drapers, and such others as may be presumed to have constituted the mysteries, who afterwards became known as the "great companies." At this time the order of their precedence seems to have been unsettled, and this gave rise to many disputes, such as that between the Goldsmiths and the Taylors above referred to, which were on several occasions not settled without severe contests and loss of life.

In one respect the ancient trade guilds were somewhat similar to the benefit societies of the present day; for by means of certain payments by the whole provision was made for the poorer members of the fraternity. The Grocers' first ordinances, in 1316, required that each new member should be of good condition and of the craft, and that he should pay 13s. 4d., or the value thereof. The preserving of their trade secrets was a primary ordination of all the fraternities, and continued a leading law as long as they continued to be working companies, whence arose the name of "mysteries" and "crafts," by which they were for so many ages and still are designated. In the old times the regulation of apprenticeship formed a second grand article in the ordinances of all the companies; for instance, no man was to be admitted into the livery of the Grocers who had not served the term of his apprenticeship; and then it was to be by the advice of the wardens and fellowship, who were to a certain that he was of good name and a freeman of no other craft; he was to pay for his admission at least 5s., and if approved 3s. 4d. more, and the master 20s., to the common box.

The livers had absolute jurisdiction over their respective trades, and were intrusted with the right of search. The principals of each company were accustomed, somewhat in the manner of a jury, to take regular rounds. The ordinances of the Grocers, who for several years had the oversight of drugs and other articles, enjoins the wardens "to go assayen weights, powders, confections, plasters, ointments, and all other things belonging to the same craft, and to notice every shop where they might find defects, in order that they might be redressed." In like manner we find that the Goldsmiths had the assay of metals, the Fishmongers the oversight of fish, and so of others.

The colours of the liveries do not seem to have been made distinctive until towards the end of the reign of Edward I. In 1329, on the marriage of this Monarch, at Canterbury, with his second Queen, the fraternities rode in liveries of red and white, the cognizances of their mysteries being embroidered on their sleeves. Afterwards, except on some rare occasions, each livery company became distinguished by its particular colours, which seem for a considerable period to have been altered from time to time, according to fancy. In 1348 the Grocers' livery is described as consisting of a coat and surcoat, the cloak or gown and the hood being reserved for ceremonials and completing what is called full suit. Stow mentions the hood as an indispensable appendage of the ancient City liveries. The coverture of men's heads at this time, he says, were hoods, for neither cap nor hat is spoken of except in the case of John Wells, mayor. A suit of livery was usually supplied by the companies to the members each year. In the Grocers' books, under the year 1414, it is reported that the livery was scarlet and green and in 1418 scarlet and black. At the commencement of Henry VI.'s reign the colours had changed to "murrey and plunket." The colours are afterwards mentioned as being "murrey and plunket celestine," the latter of a sky-coloured blue, 822 yards of which cloth (of the two colours) are said to have cost £102 11s. 9d. In 1459 this company had but little varied these colours.

In the old times many ceremonials were observed by the liveries, who were accustomed to meet in their halls on the days of their patron saints and other holidays, when there were stately processions to some neighbouring church, and afterwards "much dymning and sopyn." Stow mentions that on "Copus Christi" Day the Skinners had borne before them more than 200 torches of wax, costlily garnished, burning bright, and above 200 clerks and priests, in their surplices and capes, singing; after which came the Sheriffs' servants, the clerks of the companies, chaplains to the Sheriffs, the Mayor's sergeants, Council of the City, the Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet, and then the Skinners, in their best liveries.

Many bequests of property by the wealthy members were made to the liveries. A considerable revenue was also derived from fines and other payments; so that, notwithstanding that charity was liberally dispensed to the poor of the crafts, several of the companies yearly increased in wealth, and the feasts in the halls at the election of the wardens and other officers, &c., became more costly and luxurious.

At one time the members were to pay 3s. 6d. if present at the election feast, and 2s. 6d. if absent, which sums were to go to the joint expense of the dinner, the maintaining of the priests, &c. Persons who were out of livery, and who kept shops, were to pay 12d.; but afterwards any man who did not come to the dinner or supper was to forfeit 5s. for the use and behoof of the fellowship. The old liveries had many goodly customs; they kept splendidly enriched pulls—some of which are still in existence—for use at the funerals even of the poorest of the brotherhood; and the members were obliged, on pain of fine, to assemble and honourably conduct the dead body to the grave.

In the reign of Henry VI., many of the companies had advanced in influence, and had spacious halls, in which persons of distinction were feasted. During the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts each of these halls was obliged to have a granary and armoury attached. The Great Fire swept most of these halls away. Some of them had been the deserted mansions of eminent persons. The Drapers' Hall was the mansion of Lord Cromwell; the fine garden still remains. Other companies held their meetings in the old monastic buildings which had been left unoccupied at the time of the Reformation. But some of the guilds, the Bakers', Butchers', &c., must have had very ancient places of meeting.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the precedence of the companies was in some measure arranged; and in 1458 we find them marshalled in much the same order as was observed at the recent Royal reception.

Besides the companies which have been named in these notes there were in the old time many others; but most of these have ceased to be incorporated; and even the great companies are no longer composed of members who pursue the same craft; for, by a certain process of introduction, and the payment of a sum of money, persons of character and respectability can be made of the livery of

the Merchant Taylors, the Barber-Surgeons, or other mysteries. In the Grocers' Company, for instance, we find wine merchants, druggists, brokers, silversmiths, coachmakers, &c.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

We this week continue our series of Engravings illustrative of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Among the subjects treated by us this week are the Visit of the Prince and Princess to Eton; the Return of the Bridal Party to Windsor Castle after the marriage ceremony; the Signing of the Marriage Register in the Green Drawing-room at Windsor, &c. Most of these incidents have already been described by us, and we need not, therefore, go over the ground again. We also give some Engravings, from sketches made by Mr. P. Brannon, of the progress of the Royal couple to Osborne, of which a few descriptive particulars are subjoined:—

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The distinction conferred on Southampton of receiving a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales on their bridal day caused a spontaneous outburst of enthusiastic feeling from all classes of the community. At six o'clock the Royal train, with the illustrious visitors, was signalled; and on their arrival at the station they were conveyed in the Royal carriages to the place of embarkation amidst the most enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude, the Hants Volunteer Rifle Engineers and other corps forming a guard of honour along the tramway, their bands playing the Danish and English national airs. At the point of embarkation were stationed the Mayor and Corporation. The Prince and Princess here alighted from the Royal carriages on to a platform made for the occasion, when the Mayor, Mr. J. Perkins, advanced and presented an address.

Their Royal Highnesses shortly afterwards proceeded from the platform to the crimson-covered barge, and thence embarked on board the Royal yacht. The cheers that now arose from the assembled thousands congregated on the steamers and wharves of the docks it is impossible to describe. As the Royal yacht now slowly steamed through the avenue of those magnificent vessels, covered with their living freight, renewed cheering rent the air only to be re-echoed back from the masses of human beings from the quays and jetties running out into the river. The Royal yacht now proceeded on her way to Cowes, the ships-of-war stationed in the harbour, and platform batteries of the town, saluting the passage down the river.

IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Their Royal Highnesses reached Cowes at ten minutes past seven, when an address was presented from the Mayor and Corporation of Ryde. The Royal carriages were in waiting at the Trinity House landing-place, and in a few minutes the Prince and Princess were driven to Osborne House. The inhabitants of West Cowes had crossed the Medina in great numbers to welcome their Royal Highnesses, and the cheering and enthusiasm were as great and as general as at any place through which they had passed. Our illustrations represent their Royal Highnesses, attended by their suite and encircled by the assembled multitude, driving up Park-road, East Cowes; and arriving at Osborne, her Majesty's marine residence in the Isle of Wight, where the Royal couple passed the first few days of their married life. Both at Cowes and at Osborne triumphal arches had been erected; and a display of fireworks greeted the Royal party as they passed beneath the arch at the first-named place.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NEWPORT.

This visit was originally intended to have been made on Thursday, the 13th inst. The Prince and Princess appear, however, to have been unable to get out for any purpose of a public character until Saturday, the 14th inst. As they had acceded to the urgent request of the Newport folks to visit them, and had named that day for the purpose, the people were on the tip-toe of expectation; and, amongst other arrangements, a watchman was posted on the church tower, which commands a view of the road to Osborne for four miles. The town had been decorated with several bold arches of evergreens, and along High-street an avenue of pine-trees had been planted, producing a beautifully rich effect. To heighten the interest and variety of the scene, the day being market-day, the route of the Royal visitors passed close by the two markets—that under the Townhall, which appears in the distance in our Engraving; and that for cattle, pigs, and sheep, immediately adjoining the point whence the view is taken. About half-past four the watchman announced that the party had started from Osborne. Business was immediately brought to a stop, and the population and market people turned into the street or occupied the windows along the route. The Prince and Princess presently drove up the street, preceded by a single outrider, and seated in the carriage out of which the Princess Alice was recently thrown; and it will be interesting to add, that this is one which was built for and driven by George IV. After passing slowly through the town and receiving the homage of the assembled crowds, the Prince and Princess returned to Osborne.

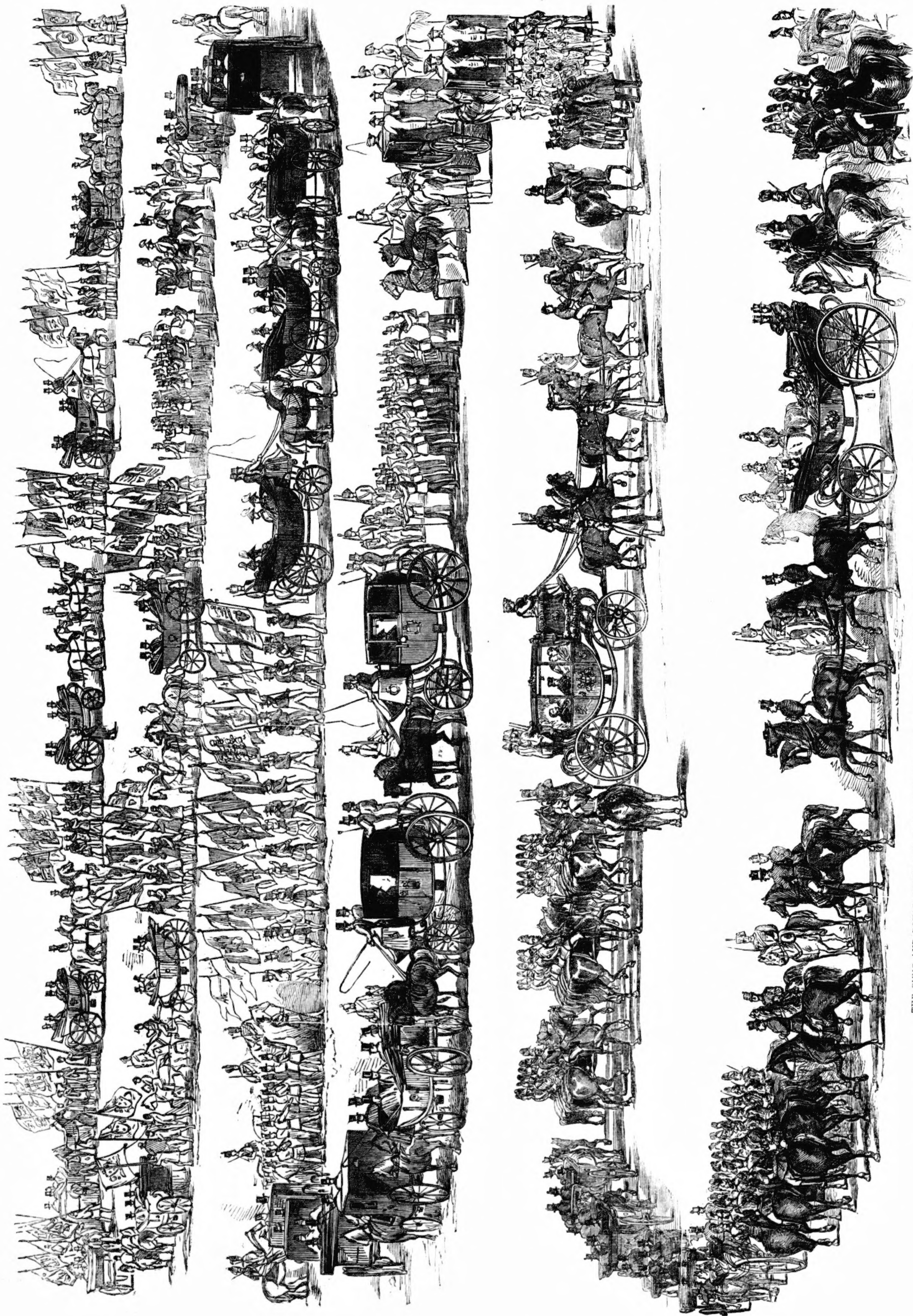
One of the first engagements of the bridal pair in the interval between arriving at Osborne and the visit we have illustrated, was to plant two trees, to bear their respective names, on the lawn, where the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, have each had to perform the same ceremony under similar circumstances.

THE PRINCESS AND THE ETON BOYS.

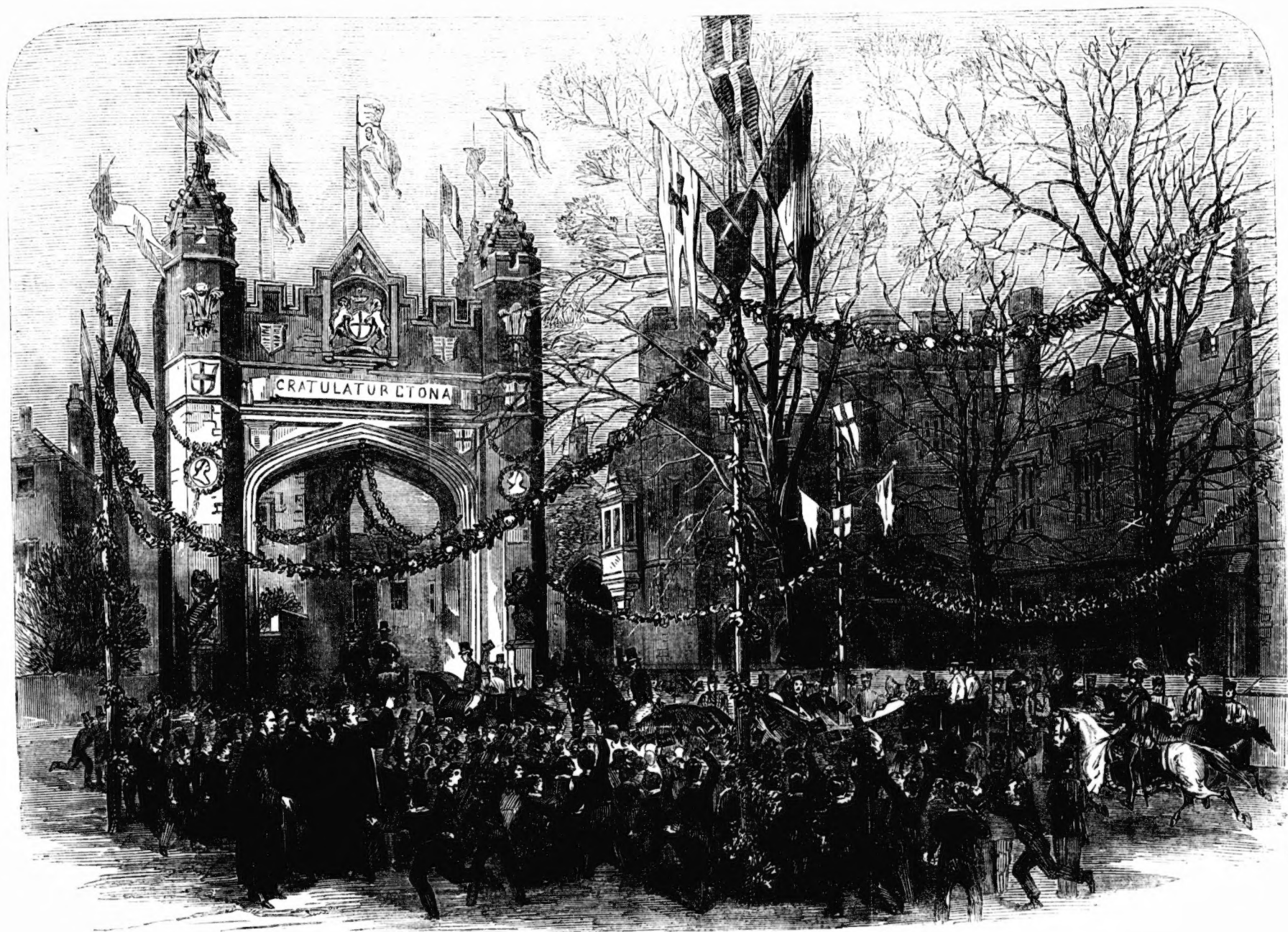
One of our illustrations this week represents the visit of the Princess Alexandra to Eton; and, perhaps, we cannot do better, in reference to this Engraving, than print the following exceedingly characteristic letter from one of the Eton boys to a relative:—

"Dearest —, I hope you will not think me unkind not to have written to you before, but I will make up for it now in a jolly long letter. Last Saturday the rifle corps lined the college completely from one end to the other, and after waiting from a quarter to five until half-past six, standing quite still all the while in a dremling rain, the Princess came past and went straight up to the castle, instead of receiving the address, which she would have done had it been fine. But it was rather lucky for us, because, just as we were going into eleven o'clock school on Monday, there was a report that the Princess was coming; so we were all told that we might wait and see her; but when we had waited half an hour, and she did not come, we went into school, and every one of us got penas. We were in school just three minutes when another report came that she was coming, so Balston let us off all our penas, and let us go again, but then she never came; so we went to our dame's, and then Balston sent round word that we were to go to him at half-past two. So when the time came and all the boys were assembled, he began, 'Well, boys, taking everything into consideration, and having had another report that the Princess is really coming, I will give you a half-holiday to-day and a whole one to-morrow on account of the wedding.' That was quite enough. Out we all rushed pell-mell, shouting at the top of our voices, and then we went to put on our uniforms and waited another half-hour, and then at last the Princess came; but there was such a cheering and shouting and rushing that I never saw anything of her. In the evening, at a quarter to nine, the whole college went up to the Home Park, four in a line, to see the fireworks, and really I never did see such a beautiful sight before. At the end, which was at twelve o'clock, 1100 rockets went up at once. It was most terribly cold, though, standing there on the cold, damp grass. Yesterday, at half-past ten, we went up to the castle to see the wedding, which was an awfully grand sight. I saw the Princess awfully well. She was very pretty, and was in a splendid carriage. After dinner we went up to see her go off, but the policemen thought they would try and prevent us getting into the station, so we all joined together, rushed at them, and then had a most awful tussle with them; but at last we conquered them, and knocked some down, and got into the station, and saw her go off. The engine was decorated awfully well. Then, in the evening, we went again to see the illuminations, which were very pretty indeed. We all went armed with sticks on account of the mob. Several fellows had their watches bagged, and three fellows at my dame's put on penny watches, and had them stolen. That is all about the wedding."

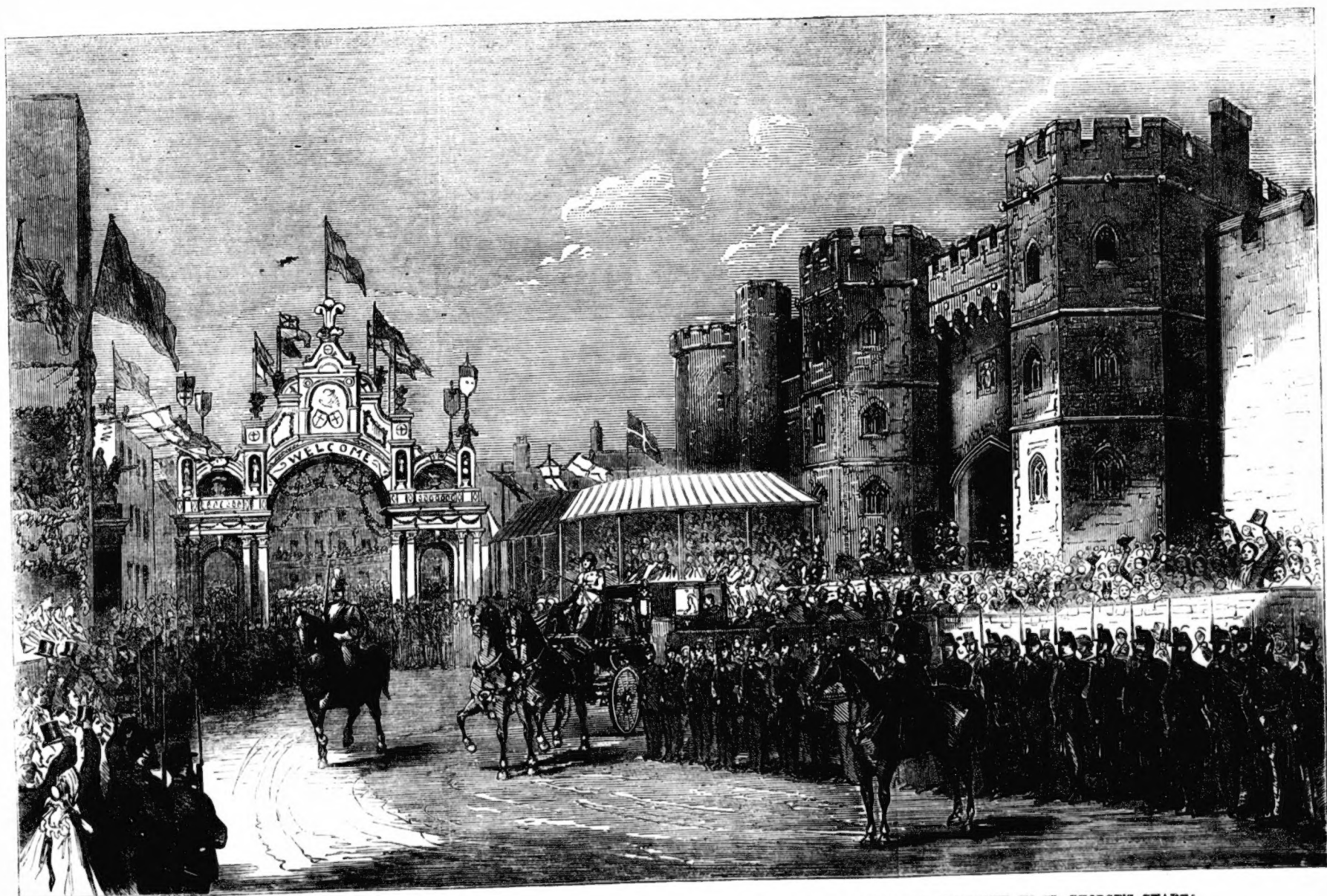
THE DANISH PRESENTS TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—Messrs. Barkentin and Slater, of Berners-street, who designed the cover for the Danish Ode given in our last Number, are busily engaged in the construction of the vase to be presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales. This vase will, when completed, be a very fine work of art, the design and execution being both of an exceedingly elegant character. The progress of the work has been inspected from time to time by their Royal Highnesses, who, as well as Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, to whom the vase was shown in its present state before they left this country, have expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the efforts of Messrs. Barkentin and Slater to produce an article which should be at once a beautiful work of art, and a gift worthy of the Danish residents in London to offer and of the Prince and Princess to accept.



THE CIVIC AND ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY ON THE OCCASION OF THE ENTREE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.



VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA TO ETON.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES RETURNING TO THE CASTLE ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 204.

BATTLE IN THE LOBBY.

EVERY proposal in Parliament to make a fiscal or political change is sure to bring down to the lobby a host of aggrieved traders and others to resist the alteration. Three years ago, when a Sabbath Bill was before the House, we were inundated by a flood of Jew-slop sellers, dealers in old clothes, &c., from Houndsditch, Ragfair, and the Minories; and we had for many nights together a confusion as of Babel. That was the time when Lord John Russell, as he was marching across the lobby in his stately way, suddenly found himself in the middle of a crowd of hook-nosed, unsavoury constituents. We shall not soon forget that indescribable scene. Never, sure, was a high, aristocratic Minister of State in such a position before. The odour of that meeting must have hung about the noble Lord for days. The repeal of the paper duties for two Sessions crowded the avenues of the House with prospectively-ruined papermakers. A very different class, however, was this—moneyed, well-to-do people these, evidently—and they took their prospective ruin in the most jovial mood; for the dinners which they ate, and the champagne in which they drowned their horrors, are still held in lively remembrance here. The alteration of the malt credits brought down a host of maltsters from Ware and elsewhere. The licensed "wittlers" are seldom out of the lobby; agitation is normal with them. Like the Church, they are always in danger.

IRISH AND JEW CIGAR-MAKERS.

But this year we have an entirely new class of malcontents—to wit, Irish and Jew cigar-manufacturers. Stimulated by protection, British cigar-manufacturing has grown of late years to be a considerable trade, and it appears that it is mostly carried on in Ireland and by Jews in Whitechapel and thereabouts. Why the Irish took to the business we cannot say; but it is easy to divine why the Jews engaged in it. It is a dark, mysterious, incomprehensible art, is this cigar-making. Nobody outside knows either the materials, or the processes, or the profits of this trade; and this is the sort of business your Israelite loves. Did any one ever hear of a Jew bookseller, or draper, or grocer? No. These trades are easily understood; their profits are known, and great labour is required therein to realise a decent income. "Small profits and quick returns" is the motto of these trades. But "Moshesh" does not agree with this principle. He likes quick returns and large profits, or at all events large profits—shent ter shent. He buys an old coat at an area-gate for a few shillings, mends it, revives it, makes it "mosh as gut as new," and sells it for a sovereign. This is more in his way. Now the cigar-trade is the very thing for him. Nobody understands it but the initiated. Even the all-knowing Chancellor of the Exchequer confesses himself at fault here, and the cunningest of Exchequer officials are obliged to own their ignorance. Well, this dark trade is in danger. For some years the inexorable Gladstone has had his eye upon it, and now he has planted his battering-ram against this little citadel of protection, and hence the consternation in Ireland and Whitechapel, and the gathering of Paddies and Israelites in the lobby. And they fought well, did these allies. Wherever an Irish member appeared, suddenly he found himself surrounded by a circle of his countrymen; and as soon as a metropolitan member showed himself in the lobby he was at once swooped down upon by a company of fierce Israelites. Indeed, these obstructions became a nuisance and a bore. Irish members and metropolitans were at last obliged to peer into the lobby to see whether the coast was clear before they ventured to cross it, and to shoot through it, when they were obliged to pass it, straight and swift as an arrow, and deaf and blind as a post. But, alas! this battling was all in vain. Ayrton took up the cause of his Jew constituents and made a vigorous fight, but he could scarcely get a secondor; and when he divided the House upon the question that the matter be referred to a Select Committee, he was beaten by two to one. And so farewell, Paddies! farewell, Israelites! your doom is fixed; and for the life of us we cannot weep over your fate! We would not allow the farmers to compel us to eat their corn, and we cannot permit you to force us to smoke those hideous compounds of we know not what abomination which you are pleased to call cigars!

MR. BAXTER AND THE GALWAY JOB.

Two things are necessary to the success of a speech in the House of Commons. First, your audience must be prepossessed in your favour, by your reputation as a speaker; and the knowledge that you understand the business which you are going to discuss; and, secondly, said audience must be interested in your subject. Some members not possessing these requisites cannot obtain a hearing, but when Mr. Baxter rose on Friday night week, to bring the Galway contract business before the House, he had every advantage. He has a reputation as a speaker surpassed by that of few of our members. Not that he is an orator, or anything approaching to it. Indeed, he affects nothing of the sort. But he is an able man of business; has a singular talent for investigating subjects to the bottom; and when he has mastered a question he can, in good, forcible English, and with great clearness of arrangement, present it to the House. And, further, on this night he had the advantage of having to deal with a question in which all the House was deeply interested, for there were many people in the House involved in the questionable proceeding of the Galway subsidy. First there were the members of the late Government, which first granted the subsidy; the present Government, which suspended it, and now proposed to renew it; Mr. Roebuck, a promoter of it; besides all the Irish members, who stood pledged to do or die rather than this subsidy should be lost. Besides, it must be remembered that, in the Session of 1861, Government was nearly ousted upon this question. Our readers will recollect that Disraeli depended upon the support of Mr. Gregory; and his angry Irish cohort divided the House upon it, and would have beaten the Government but for the timely retirement of some seventeen high-minded country gentlemen, who would not consent to secure a victory over their opponents by means of such a questionable coalition. No wonder, then, that when Mr. Baxter rose the House was crowded, and silent and anxious to hear him open his case. At first starting the honourable member evidently felt somewhat nervous. His voice, never very firm, was more than usually tremulous, and for a few minutes he was, as we say of horses, rather shaky. And this might well be, for it was really a formidable task that he had undertaken. He rose to impeach the Government and a whole nation. And when he remembered that he would call up Palmerston, possibly Disraeli, certainly Whitehead, and not improbably Roebuck, it is not surprising that he felt the weight of the responsibility which he had incurred, and trembled under it. He very soon, however, mastered his timidity, warmed to his work, and encouraged by the rattling cheers with which his opening sentences were received by his friends around, and indeed by many of the gentlemen opposite, soon got rid of every sign of trepidation and proceeded to deliver, if not one of the most eloquent of speeches, certainly one of the most effective statements, which has been delivered in the House for many a day. There was no confusion, no break in the continuity of the story; just the course which the speaker had chalked out he followed. Every fact was in the right place, every statement was clear, every argument was to the point, and driven home with effect; and never for a moment did the speaker falter or the attention of the House flag; albeit Mr. Baxter spoke for an hour by the clock. In short, Mr. Baxter delivered a very able, telling, and effective speech, and was warmly congratulated, both by friends and opponents, on the ability which he had displayed, and the manly courage with which he had brought this questionable matter before the House.

And here let us note that not a little of the effect of Mr. Baxter's speech upon the House was traceable to the character of the speaker. Yes, reader, character has still great weight and influence in the House of Commons, as it has everywhere else. Mr. Baxter sits on the Liberal side of the House, and he is a member of the great Liberal party. But he is not a party man, nevertheless; that is to say, though as a rule he votes with the Government, he is not a slavish follower of it; and though he would not, likely, do anything to overthrow it, he certainly would not sacrifice his honest convictions to keep it in power. And he is no placehunter. Engaged in a profitable mer-

cantile business, he does not want place for its emoluments; and though, all circumstances favouring, he might be induced to take office, he would never truckle nor sacrifice his opinions to obtain it. And in saying this we are not merely expressing our own opinion. This is Mr. Baxter's character in the House. He is not a great statesman. He does not aim at oratorical eminence. But he is an able man; has read much; travelled a good deal; can think clearly; and has what the old Divines used to call a single eye. Mr. Baxter is, as our readers probably know, a Scotchman. He is a merchant at Dundee—a kinsman, we believe, of David Baxter, who was lately honoured with a baronetcy. Scotland does not send us a very brilliant staff of members, but there can be no doubt that she is worthily represented by Mr. Baxter.

WHAT IS A VICTORY?

But Mr. Baxter, though his speech was a great success, did not achieve a victory. Well, a present victory he did not; and it was scarcely likely that he would. Indeed, if we think of it, victory on a division was an impossibility; for, in the first place, he had two Governments against him. The late Government first perpetrated this Galway job, and of course they and all their thick and thin supporters would be sure to rally round it. The present Government have perpetuated it, and consequently every member of the Government, and all their connections, and friends, and blind adherents would to a man defend it with their votes. Whilst the Irishmen, every member of them, from Antrim to Cork, rallied in phalanx against Baxter. It is very seldom that Irishmen are united; but the chance of a pull at the Treasury generally brings them together, and then their unanimity is wonderful. But though Mr. Baxter was beaten on a division, beaten by more than two to one, it cannot be said that he was really defeated. The Galway Company have not yet got the subsidy; and if they should handle the cash, as possibly they may, though there are chances against them, still Mr. Baxter has done good service. He has enlightened the House upon the question of subsidies generally; he has also enlightened the British people; and when these subsidies shall come to an end, as come to an end they inevitably will, their extinction will in no small degree be owing to the exposure made by Mr. Baxter.

EFFECT OF THE SPEECH.

When Mr. Baxter had sat down, Mr. Horsfall rose to second the motion. He, however, said but little, and much less than what he said reached anybody's ears except those of his immediate neighbours, for there was great confusion in the House at the end of Mr. Baxter's speech. The dinner hour was approaching. Letters had to be written before dining; and, moreover, Mr. Horsfall is not a commanding speaker. Nor could Mr. Gregory, the member for Galway, who followed Mr. Horsfall, and of course defended the subsidy, allay the buzzing confusion. In short, all interest in the proceedings was gone. Even Whitehead failed to draw the members back to their seats; and Lord Palmerston had to address a very thin House. What was the use of listening any more? All that could be said had been said. "It is a horrid job," said some; "but we must support the Government, nevertheless." This from the thick-and-thin Government adherents and the late Government supporters. "Yes, it is a job, no doubt," said the Irish; "but why should not Ireland have some benefit from these jobs as well as England?" "You spoke well, Baxter," said a Hibernian member; "you did, really. It was one of the most masterly, unanswerable speeches that I ever heard, and it did you great credit. But, of course, as an Irishman, I cannot vote for you." Still, the member for Montrose gained some votes by his speech, and drove still more members away. And here we may note that the actual numbers on the division list does not show all the hon. member's strength, for the division took place just at dinner time, and nearly fifty members had paired in his favour. The real number which voted and paired for Mr. Baxter's motion was about 95.

Imperial Parliament.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE CITY AND METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The Earl of DALHOUSIE asked whether the Government intended to take any steps for the purpose of consolidating the Metropolitan and City police establishments; and the noble Earl referred at some length to the confusion which prevailed in the City on the 7th and the 10th inst., as a reason why the amalgamation of the two forces should at once be effected.

Earl GRANVILLE, after having borne testimony from his personal observation to the absence of any efficient police arrangements in the City on the 7th inst., and to the admirable goodhumour which was at the same time displayed by the assembled people, said that the Secretary of State for the Home Department had ordered an inquiry to be instituted into the occurrences of that day, and of the following Tuesday evening; and pending that inquiry the Government could not come to any decision in reference to the consolidation of the two police establishments.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE TOBACCO DUTIES.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in moving that the House should resolve itself into a Committee on the Tobacco Duties Bill, expressed a hope that the hon. member for the Tower Hamlets (Mr. Ayrton) would not proceed with the motion of which he had given notice for referring the measure to a Select Committee.

Mr. AYRTON said he felt it his duty to press his amendment. On a division, the original motion was carried by 170 votes to 87, and the House accordingly resolved itself into a Committee on the bill.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated the changes which he proposed to make in the tobacco duties, and added that he meant to have the bill reprinted before the third reading.

The various clauses were then agreed to, with but little discussion, and the bill passed through Committee.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House only sat for a few minutes, and read the Consolidated Fund (£10,000,000) Bill the second time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ORDNANCE V. ARMOUR.

Lord C. PACET, in reply to a question from Sir J. Pakington, said that, in the course of some very important experiments made at Shoeburyness on Tuesday, shells had pierced iron plates $\frac{5}{8}$ in. in thickness; but he did not consider it advisable that he should enter into a detailed statement of the effects produced by the shells until the target should be taken to pieces and closely examined. He had to add that the Admiralty had not, in consequence of these experiments, thought it necessary or expedient to change their opinion in reference to the question of "wood v. iron" in the construction of armour-plated vessels.

SUBSIDISING MAIL-STEAMERS.

On the motion for the House resolving itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. BAXTER brought the following resolutions under the notice of the House:—1. "That in the opinion of this House, in cases where ordinary traffic supports several lines of steamers, the present system of granting subsidies for carrying the trans-oceanic mails ought to be dispensed with." 2. "That this House is not prepared to grant a sum of money to the Atlantic Royal Mail Company for conveying the mails between Galway and North America." The hon. gentleman said he believed there was no necessity for the continuance of the system of granting large sums to steam-packet companies for conveyance of the mails, and he had opposed the grant made to the Cunard Company just as much as he was at present prepared to oppose a similar concession in favour of the Galway Company. The Government, he believed, had yielded in that matter to a political pressure; but he hoped the House would read them a lesson which would not easily be forgotten by future Administrations.

Lord PALMERSTON said that his hon. friend the member for Montrose in expressing his belief that the Government had resolved on granting that contract because they should thereby obtain the support of the Irish members of that House, had pronounced upon them a double censure. He had in the first place impeached their political morality, and he had impeached in the second place their political sagacity. It must be manifest to every reasonable observer that any such hope of gaining the support of the Irish members would be utterly extravagant. He thought it was easy to understand that the Government might be influenced in forming their decision upon that question by higher and wiser considerations. They saw in Ireland a portion of the United Kingdom which possessed none of those great naval establishments which contributed so much to enrich many districts in England, and they perceived at the same time that Ireland was, from her

position, peculiarly fitted for the performance of that postal service. They could not at the same time forget that the resources of a large number of Irishmen of a comparatively poor class had been embarked in that enterprise; and, under those circumstances, he felt that it would be positively cruel and unjust to compel the Government, by the adoption of that resolution, to refuse the renewal of the contract. On a division the resolution was rejected by 109 votes to 46.

MONDAY, MARCH 23.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH.

Lord STRATHEDEN called attention to the question of acknowledging the Southern Confederacy, and strongly advocated the justice and the expediency of our adopting that policy.

Earl RUSSELL said he was sure everybody in this country would be most anxious that her Majesty's Government should interfere, for the purpose of putting an end to the desolating civil war in America, if they could do so justly and usefully. But he felt persuaded that at the present moment any such step upon their part would be productive of no advantage and would be attended with very unfortunate results. If they were to offer their mediation to the Government of the United States that offer would be unhesitatingly declined, and would create in the minds of the people of that country a considerable amount of irritation; and if they were formally to recognise the Southern States such an act would be justly regarded as one of a very unfriendly character towards a Government with which this country had hitherto preserved amicable relations. Our duty, therefore, was to maintain, under existing circumstances, our perfectly neutral position, whatever might be our conviction that the spirit of the South was unconquerable, and that the disruption of the American Union was final and irrevocable. No further discussion ensued.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to a question from Mr. S. Fitzgerald, said that communications had passed between her Majesty's Government and the Government of the United States in reference to the establishment of a convention between the two countries for the examination and adjustment of complaints of the violation of neutral rights. Her Majesty's Government had no objection to the principle of such an arrangement. The difficulties, however, in regard to its details had not yet been removed; but he hoped they would not be found of an insuperable character.

THE BUDGET.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER gave notice that he would make his annual financial statement on Thursday, April 16.

POLAND.

Mr. HENNESSY put a question to the noble Lord at the head of the Government as to the nature of the obligations with respect to Poland involved in the Treaty of Vienna.

Lord PALMERSTON stated in reply that he still adhered to the doctrine he had maintained the other evening, that Great Britain had incurred, under the Treaty of Vienna, no absolute obligation to declare war upon Russia for the purpose of enforcing the stipulations of that treaty in reference to the government of Poland. But he readily admitted that it was only fitting that her Majesty's Ministers should address the most earnest representations in their power to the Russian Government with a view to obtain an amelioration of the condition of the unhappy Polish nation; and he believed that, when the time came for publishing the communications into which they had entered, it would be found that they had not neglected their duty.

The House soon after resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, and resumed the consideration of the Army Estimates.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

POLISH STUDENTS.

Earl RUSSELL, in reply to a question from the Earl of Shaftesbury, said that the only information he had received with respect to the arrest of certain Poles in Prussia, and the demand made by Russia that they should be delivered up to her officers, was contained in a despatch from Sir A. Buchanan, who stated that two Polish students had been so arrested and demanded, but that as the French Ambassador had claimed them as naturalised subjects of France, it was hoped that the request of the Russian authorities would not be granted.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

Earl GREY having presented petitions from inhabitants of Australia praying for alterations of the boundaries of the Australian colonies,

The Duke of NEWCASTLE said that the applications made for the formation of distinct colonies in Australia were so numerous that it would be impossible to comply with them all until the different districts should become more settled and more populous. The progress of explorations, however, had of late been so rapid that he believed it would in a short time be desirable to create the territory to the south of the Gulf of Carpentaria into two new colonies—one on the Albert River and the other on the Victoria River. But, in the meantime, the former district would be annexed to Queensland and the latter to South Australia.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE INCOME TAX.

The Tobacco Duties Bill was read a third time and passed. Mr. HUBBARD moved the following resolution:—"That the incidence of an income tax touching the products of invested property should fall upon net income, and that the net amounts of industrial earnings should, previous to assessment, be subject to such an abatement as may equitably adjust the burden thrown upon intelligence and skill as compared with property." The hon. gentleman, after having adverted to the great unpopularity of the income tax in its present form, argued at considerable length in favour of the justice and the expediency of the change set forth in his present proposal.

Mr. LEATHAM seconded the motion.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he believed it would be impossible to devise any income tax that would not be full of anomalies. But the existing measure had at least this advantage, that people had become accustomed to the inequality of its pressure; while the hon. gentleman would impose a charge which would also operate unequally, and would at the same time form a great novelty. The two greatest financial ministers of this country, Mr. Pitt and Sir R. Peel, had found that it would be impossible to distinguish in that case between fixed and fluctuating incomes; and the same conclusion had been forced upon the minds of several gentlemen who had been members of a committee that had inquired into the subject, and who had entered the committee with a different conviction. The House then divided, and the resolution was negatived by 118 votes to 79.

APPROPRIATION BILLS.

Lord R. MONTAGU moved the following resolutions:—"1. That every bill hereafter introduced for the appropriation of supplies be printed and distributed in time for consideration before it passes through Committee of the House. 2. That it is inexpedient that any bill for the appropriation of supplies shall contain the power of transfer which was first introduced into the Appropriation Act of 1846, and which unsettles the appropriation of all the grants of the year for the naval and military services."

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he was ready to consent to the first resolution with certain modifications, but he believed the second one was unnecessary.

After some discussion the first resolution, in an altered form, was agreed to, and the second resolution was withdrawn.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.

Mr. POTTER gave notice that after Easter he should move for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of the cotton districts, and how the poor law and relief fund had been administered therein; also to report on the policy of adopting emigration as a means of relief.

SALMON FISHERIES (IRELAND) BILL.

The adjourned debate on this bill was resumed, and, after occupying the House till a quarter to six, was, in accordance with the rules, again adjourned.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY METROPOLITAN STATION AND BRANCHES BILL.

On the adjourned debate on the second reading, the Earl of SHAFTESBURY said he thought the best speech he could make on the subject would be to read sect. 17, p. 6, of Colonel Yolland's report. He moved that the bill be read this day six months. After considerable discussion the second reading of the bill was negatived without a division.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL PATRONAGE.

The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced a bill, the main object of which was to authorise the sale of about 320 livings in his patronage, with the view of improving the position of parish churches, to extend and repair them, to build parsonage, schools, &c. It was also intended by the measure to augment the smaller livings by applying to them the surplus obtained from the sale of the larger ones. The bill was read a first time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

NEW MEMBER.

The Marquis of Hartington took the oath and his seat for North Lancashire on his re-election.

Several notices were given in reference to questions to be brought on after Easter.

The Civil Service Estimates were under consideration during the remaining portion of the evening.

THE MARRIAGE NUMBERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

THE Double Number and Supplement of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES for March 21 contain numerous striking illustrations of the recent ROYAL MARRIAGE, including a large separate Engraving of the Ceremony in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.—The Princess Alexandra, attended by her Bridesmaids.—The Bride's Retiring-room.—The Bride's Procession along the Nave of St. George's Chapel.—Exterior of the Chapel on the morning of the Marriage.—The Procession of the Bride and Bridegroom along the Great Hall.—The Bridal Pair from Windsor Castle.—Reception of the Princess Alexandra.—Strewing Flowers before the Prince and Princess on the Terrace Pier, Gravesend.—The Royal Cortège passing through St. Paul's churchyard.—The Prince and Princess passing the National Gallery.—Arrival at the Paddington Station.—Temple Bar Illuminated on the Night of the Marriage.—Illuminations at Guildhall and at Trafalgar-square.—Princess Alexandra's Bridal Presents: The Diamond Coronet and Diamond and Opal Necklace presented by the Prince of Wales.—The Parure of Diamonds and Opals presented by her Majesty.—The Diamond Necklace presented by the City of London.—The Diamond and Opal Bracelet presented by the Ladies of Manchester.—The Necklaces and Cross of Pearls presented by the Ladies of Liverpool, &c.—View of the New Reredos in St. George's Chapel, with a variety of other interesting illustrations.

Price of the Double Number and Supplement, 6s.; free by post for 8 stamps. The Double Number of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES for March 14 contains numerous Engravings connected with the Reception of Princess Alexandra, including the Royal Salute at the Nore—Disembarkation at Gravesend—Departure of the Prince and Princess from the Terrace Pier—Their arrival at the Bricklayer's Arms Station.—The Triumphal Arch at London Bridge.—The Royal Procession crossing the Bridge.—The Lady Mayress presenting the Princess with a Bouquet in front of the Mansion House.—The Prince and Princess passing along the line of Volunteers in Hyde Park.—Interior of St. George's Chapel during the Marriage: The Archbishop pronouncing the Benediction.—Birdseye View of Windsor Castle.—Portraits of the Brothers and Sisters of Princess Alexandra.—Various Bridal Presents from the Prince of Wales to the Princess, to his Brothers, to his Groomsmen, and to private friends.—View of the Birthplace of Princess Alexandra, &c.

Price of the Double Number, 6s.; free by post for eight stamps. The ILLUSTRATED TIMES of March 7, forming the first of the series of Royal Marriage Numbers, contained a variety of Engravings relative to Princess Alexandra and her family, including Portraits of Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark—View of their Summer Palace near Copenhagen.—Views of Sandringham Hall, the Hunting-Seat, and Marlborough House, the Town Residence, of the Prince of Wales.—Portraits of twenty former Princes and Princesses of Wales, engraved from the best authorities, and accompanied by Memoirs, and of all the various Princes of Wales and Heirs Apparent to the British Crown, including records of their marriages, &c., and embracing much curious and interesting information. With this Number were also issued large Portraits of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, inclosed in an elaborate and tastefully-designed framework, and carefully printed on a separate sheet of paper.

Price of the Number and Supplement 4s.; or free by post for 6 stamps. The Numbers of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES for the month of March, including the various Supplements issued therewith, may be now obtained, stamped in an appropriate Wrapper, price 1s. 9d.; or free by post for 27 stamps.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

THE RIOTS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

THE riots have broken out at last. We hold it utter meanness to deny the fact or to endeavour to evade the truth by laying the whole blame upon the shoulders of "those horrid Irish." The Irishman has possibly less reverence than an Englishman for English law, or for order of any kind; and if there be a row, he likes to be active in it, not to say in the front. Therefore, when a riot happens and prisoners are taken, it is usually the Celt who is hauled off to the police dungeon. But it is no less true that, in such a case as the present, the most dangerous of rioters are those who aid and abet more by their presence and support than by the actual mischief they individually commit—who back up the more energetic of their comrades, encourage the ringleaders, and are the first to disperse upon the slightest intimation of personal danger. A riot is, no doubt, in itself an enormous folly as well as a wrong; but it happens to be, in one respect, highly valuable—namely, as a fact and as an indication. It is as though a political barometer were so constructed as that, upon the approach of a storm, the index-hand should smash the dial-plate, in which case the fault would scarcely be chiefly in the weather.

It is but seldom that the frenzy of ignorance alone is sufficient to cause a popular tumult. We do not forget the riot in which a London mob, a hundred years ago, clamoured for the return of their eleven days of which they believed themselves robbed by the alteration of the "style;" but we regard this as exceptional. Even the "No Popery" riots of 1780 had a side from which they might be viewed less unintelligibly than as a mere rising in mass at the instigation of a crack-brained aristocrat.

The reason of the riots is simply this, that the nation has relied too much upon the power of wealth alone to alleviate the distress of the manufacturing districts. Money may do and has done much; but it is not hunger alone, nor even domestic privation, which constitutes the misery of the man out of work. Activity, labour itself, are as necessary to the body and mind as food, raiment, and relief from care for their provision. The wealthy man has not done all in his power when he empties his pocket or draws a cheque upon his banker. He may please himself with the idea that no more can be required of him than this in a great national calamity; but if he continue in such a pleasant dream he will certainly be rudely awakened by events. Suppose it possible that every man, woman, and child in the distressed districts could be at once placed in a position of permanent opulence, would the evils attendant upon cessation of employment be thereby at once remedied? We think not. Political economists would confirm our views, and we hold political economy to be in no way, as weak people regard it, adverse and contrary to philanthropy, but as its utmost logical development.

It is not money alone that is required. That has been tried, and its failure is proved by the riots. The distressed operatives are now clamouring for contributions of the time, the energies, and the ideas of the intelligent classes. Dives may scatter his hundreds, but these are valueless in comparison with the

thoughts which enabled him to obtain them, and which he so cheerfully employed in their accumulation. Even public diversions would be valuable in such a crisis as the present. The opportunity of earning by useful labour the crust which the poor man knows himself sufficiently powerful to obtain, if once set upon the right direction, would be the highest boon of all. How have his requirements been met?

Certainly not by schools, in which grown men have suddenly found themselves levelled to the status of charity children. Not by the harsh, unproductive toil of the union workhouses: least of all, perhaps, by the diffusion of that peculiar style of so-called "pious" literature, the distribution of which so many excellent persons consider as the height of philanthropy. What is wanted to fill the vacuum which nature abhors is real, earnest, productive work. If in broad England this be a task too difficult for these busy brains whose action has covered the land with railways and carried her commerce into every sea, then let even emigration be resorted to as a last resource. But let it be so as a last resource only, for we hold this to be rather a cutting than an untying of the knot. The practice of bleeding has long been discontinued in medicine. A more enlightened intelligence may possibly show that the best remedy for a national affliction is not to be sought for by draining her of her best blood. But, until the better time arrives, we can only use the best cure which we have.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has announced her intention to receive in person, and with all the pomp of her Royal State, the address of the Corporation of London on the recent marriage of the Heir to the Crown.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has given permission for the exhibition of the bridal presents of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at the South Kensington Museum.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK, with his family and suite, left England on Tuesday for the Continent. They embarked at Dover on board the Admiralty packet *Vivid*, and proceeded on their voyage to Calais.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED, accompanied by Captain Egerton, Dr. Armstrong, and Major Cowell, left Malta on Wednesday afternoon for Marseilles in her Majesty's ship *Magicienne*, en route for England.

THE HEALTH OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is again occasioning alarm. His Majesty suffers greatly from fever and want of sleep.

SINCE THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES the whole of the establishment of his Royal Highness has gone entirely out of mourning.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, the new Lord of the Admiralty, was on Tuesday re-elected for North Lancashire.

PREPARATIONS have been made in Copenhagen for a great public meeting to discuss the affairs of the kingdom and to adopt resolutions.

A MEETING was held in Manchester on Tuesday to express sympathy with Poland. The Mayor presided. Mr. Hennessey, M.P., was one of the speakers. The resolutions, which were unanimously carried, condemned most strongly the conduct of Russia in regard to Poland.

M. FIORELLI, director of the excavations of Pompeii, has just telegraphed an important discovery to the central Government at Turin. A large lamp of pure gold, weighing 3½ oz., has been brought to light. It is described as unique as regards both design and execution.

THE AFFGHANS are reported to have captured Herat, and preparations for war were in consequence being made in Persia.

VOLUNTEER CLASSES FOR MUSKETRY, at Hyde and Fleetwood, will be formed in April next.

MR. PAGET, the English Minister at Copenhagen, has been created a K.C.B.

THE COMMAND OF THE ROYAL YACHT *VICTORIA* AND *ALBERT* is to be conferred on Captain his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, now commanding the *Magicienne*, in the Mediterranean.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park, was held at the London Tavern on the 18th inst. Mr. Henry Tucker presided, and a collection was made amounting to the large sum of upwards of £4300.

THE REPORT THAT COLONEL WILSON PATTEN was about to be raised to the peerage is contradicted.

MR. WILLIAM PARTRIDGE, late stipendiary magistrate of Wolverhampton, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Selie at the Thames Police Court.

A SOCIETY is being formed in London under the title of "The Victoria Emigrants' Assistance Society."

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been burned in effigy, as "the eldest son of the Saxon Queen," at Kilrush, Ireland.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF SAXONY AND BELGIUM have agreed reciprocally to abolish the visa on passports for the subjects of the two countries.

A CHILD has died in Sunderland from "convulsions, produced by the vitiated condition of the mother's milk, from intemperance."

MR. GIBSON is modelling a "Dancing Girl," said to reproduce several studies from *Corio*, made during her visits to Rome.

MDME. LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT is to sing at the Lower Rhine Festival, to be held this year at Düsseldorf. Her husband is to act as conductor. She is also said to be meditating a series of London concerts this season.

MUCH ANXIETY is again felt for the health of General Garibaldi, and it is said that within the past few days an urgent request for medical assistance from England has been forwarded from Caprea.

AT BRIGHTON, a few days ago, a pair of horses attached to a carriage took fright, and dashed away in the direction of the cliff, over which they went and were killed. The carriage, which was empty, was dashed to pieces.

IN THE FINANCIAL YEAR of 1863-4 the sum of £564,192 is to be paid for the conveyance of mails by the railways of the United Kingdom, and £7108 for the like service by mail coaches.

IT IS ESTIMATED that from the commencement of the war 43,874 Federals have been killed, 97,029 wounded, 60,218 made prisoners, and 250,000 died from disease and wounds; that 20,894 Confederates have been killed, 59,615 wounded, 22,169 made prisoners, and 120,000 died from disease and wounds.

HERMAN AND KING are to fight for the championship of the prize-ring and £1000 a side in December next.

AN OLD SHOEMAKER, of most filthy habits, and believed to be "as poor as a rat," died at Crief, a few days ago. After his death there were found in his house bank-bills and silver and copper amounting altogether to about £1600.

A YOUNG MAN IN PARIS having resolved to blow his brains out, and being very anxious to have a Christian burial, wrote the following letter, and then committed suicide:—"I killed myself accidentally whilst playing with a pistol! I hope my body will be received into the church."—[This youth must surely have been of Miletian descent.]

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK, father of the Princess of Wales, has, it is said, an income of only about £1500 a year. The Princess and Princesses have therefore had to practise economy. Princess Dagmar, an intelligent, Spanish-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, is said to be the destined bride of the Czarowitz—the heir to the crown of all the Russias.

DR. CULLEN, Roman Catholic Bishop, in a pastoral, denounces the excessive use of crinolines, remarking that "to support idle mirth and mere vanity as much is expended as would relieve vast numbers of the poor suffering members of Jesus Christ."

A DOG-SHOW, embracing upwards of 1200 animals, of all breeds and from almost every country in the world, is now open at Cremorne Gardens.

HENRY ALDRIDGE, an ensign in the 84th Regiment, was indicted, at Maidstone, for uttering a forged cheque for £15 with intent to defraud the National and Provincial Bank at Folkestone. The case was evidently one of mistaken identity, and the accused, having high testimonies in favour of his integrity, was acquitted.

THERE WERE ONE OR TWO COMIC DISPLAYS in LONDON on the marriage week. A humorous buttermilk, for instance, exhibited a large fitch of bacon, ornamented with rosettes and surrounded by lamps, the inscription underneath, "May they win it," pointedly referring to the Dunmow fitch.

ELIZA DRUMMOND, barmaid at the Crown Tavern, Leicester-square, has lost the sight of one eye, and been severely cut about the face, from the bursting of a lemonade bottle, the pieces of glass having struck her and inflicted the injuries mentioned.

THE QUANTITY OF COTTON on its way from India to Liverpool or London is estimated at the former port to amount to 200,000 bales. About forty-nine ships are engaged in the trade, many of which are daily expected in this country.

THE BISHOPS OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, and of Goulburn (Australia), were consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral on Wednesday.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

PARLIAMENT rises on Friday, the 27th, the day before your publication, and will assemble again on Monday, the 13th of April, thus giving the House a clear fortnight's holiday. This has been the usual holiday for several years past. The Budget is to be introduced on the 16th of April; but what it is to reveal nobody outside knows. The sugar merchants and refiners are agitating for an alteration in the sugar duties, have employed an agent, and have circulated thousands of statements to effect their object. Deputations, too, have waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to badger him, and, if possible, to elicit some opinion in harmony with their own; but at present he has made no sign. The farmers have also commenced a feeble agitation in favour of a reduction on the impost upon malt. The tea merchants likewise are in the field. If I might be allowed to guess, I should say that we are very likely to have a change in the fire insurance duty. A little bird has whispered something to this effect in my ear, and there are certain signs observable which seem to point to this. I trust that these will prove true, for it is a bad tax, this duty upon fire insurance; a worse, indeed, cannot be imagined, as it taxes prudence. The duty is 3s. per cent; and in common insurances it is more than double the premium. It is curious that insuring stock is not chargeable with this duty. When the duty was imposed the country gentlemen were strong enough to get farming stock exempted. The duty on fire insurances originated in 1782 the year when Pitt first came into office. If we get rid of this tax, or get it reduced, we may thank Mr. Henry Sheridan for the boon. Twice has he beaten the Government on this subject, and will beat them again if the Chancellor should not deal with this tax.

The retirement of Sir Richard Bromley from the Admiralty, which I announced as certain in my last, has taken place. And now, who will be his successor? Perhaps this question will be answered before you go to press. Meanwhile, a word or two on this important appointment. The public have got a notion that such offices as the Accountant-General—and, indeed, most of our Government officials—have high pay and little work. Let the public, then, once for all, dismiss the notion from their foolish heads. There are few men who work harder, and are paid worse, than Government officials in most of the public departments. Sir Richard Bromley's work was something enormous. How he got through it is to me an insoluble problem; but he did not get through it without injury to his health. Nor was his pay excessive. Fifteen hundred a year is the salary of the post; and I humbly think that, considering his vast responsibilities and the work he has to do, this is not a large sum for an Accountant-General of the Navy. But the question of questions now is, who will have the place? Will it be given, as it ought to be, as a prize honestly won by the Deputy-Accountant, or will it be jobbed away to some needy Government supporter, or some needy Government supporter's kinsman? I raise this question, because some years ago Sir Richard Bromley, when out of health, was invited to resign, with a special view to a flagrant job. This job was nipped unceremoniously in the bud. How and by whom cannot be told at present. Sir Richard did not resign; did not then want to resign, in fact. Now he has been forced to resign by the state of his health, and I suspect that this job will be attempted again. However, Parliament is sitting, and if this responsible place should be given to any but a thoroughly trained and competent man, I hope the appointment will be promptly overhauled.

At the last moment I have heard—from a person who professes to have authority for what he says, which, however, in such matters I always take *cum grano salis*—that the duties on sugar are to be reduced, and that we are to have two classes of duties instead of four. This may be true, but my experience teaches me not to place much reliance upon any information about the contents of the Budget before said Budget is unlocked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the table of the House.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Hans Hamilton, member for Dublin, and Mr. Calcutt, member for Olney, are both dangerously, if not hopelessly, ill.

A weekly journal, generally admirably informed upon theatrical matters, announced among other items, under the head "Illness of Actors," that Mr. Keeley was suffering from paralysis of the brain. I am happy to state that Mr. Keeley is no worse than he has been for several months past, and that his health is so little affected as to allow him to receive and visit his friends, and to pursue his ordinary course of life. Although Mr. Keeley has virtually retired from the stage, his fame is yet green in the memory of all playgoers, while his sterling honesty, his quaint wit, and his genial hospitality have endeared him to a large number of friends, of whom those at a distance will be glad to receive this disclaimer of his illness.

Last Saturday died Mr. Charles Selby, who had been before the London public for many years as an actor, and who was an industrious and a successful dramatist. Although never entering the first rank, Mr. Selby was a capital interpreter of what are technically called "character parts," and being a well-read scholar, and having a natural taste for the picturesque, he was very successful in that arrangement of costume and countenance known to the profession as a "characteristic make-up." Mr. Selby leaves a widow, who in her line, eccentric comedy, is one of the best actresses on the stage.

Lord Macaulay says, "there is no malice like the malice of the renegade," and, if we remember that a portion of the staff of the *Saturday Review* transferred their services to the *London Review* a few months back, we shall have no difficulty in discerning the "motive power" for the constant attacks made in the latter upon the tone and temper of the *Saturday*. I shall not be accused of any undue leaning to either journal; but when I take up, as I did this week, the current number of the *London Review*, and see that two bitingly-ironical articles commence respectively with "Our anialab and elegant contemporary, the *Saturday Review*," and "our highly-instructed contemporary, the *Saturday Review*," I cannot help thinking that the satire would be more telling if the animals were better veiled.

A pseudonymous correspondent (who, in defiance of the rule laid down and pertinently insisted on by an eminent ex-editor, addresses to my "private residence") wishes to know the name of the author of "Moteana," recently published in *Punch*. It is breaking no confidence to state that the writer of that admirable nonsense, that most exquisite fooling, is Mr. F. C. Burnand, already favourably known to theatre-goers by his Olympic burlesques. As to the rest of the matter touched on by my correspondent (whose personal courtesy to myself I thoroughly appreciate), I think it better to say very little. Perhaps if he himself had tried to be "funny" for twenty years he would not have succeeded so well as those gentlemen he names.

Some day or other I mean to write an essay on the doctrine of chances and the law of coincidences. I have just stumbled upon a curious specimen of the latter. In the translation of "The Vita Nuova" of Dante, which the ver-ate and accomplished Mr. Theodore Martin has given to the world, I find these words:—

And eyes that on her hung
With mute observance hung.

Very graceful and eloquent words, too, I think you will say. But in the works of a certain obscure writer, called Tennyson, is a poem, with the title of "Locksley Hall," in which it is written:—

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

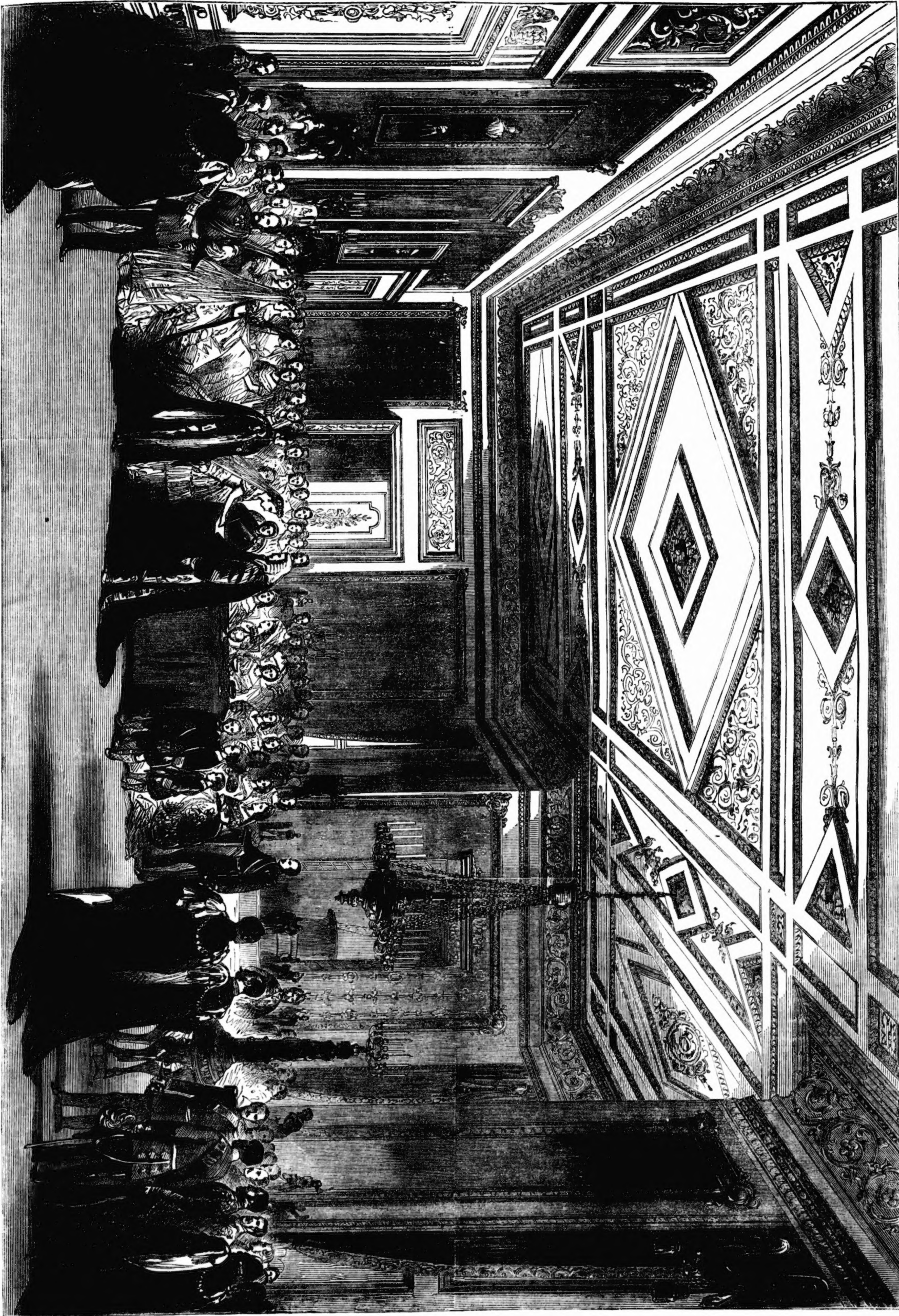
So that Mr. Theodore Martin has, curiously enough, hit upon almost the identical words of the laureate. Of course, it is a coincidence, and nothing more; but it would be an unfortunate one for a reputation less assured and I can see the shrugs and winks sure to be indulged in by a thousand and one well-wishers of mine, if the Fates ever allow your servant to make a similar mistake.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM CRINOLINE! Eliza Wright, aged seven years, arrayed herself in her mother's crinoline, went too near the fire, her clothes became ignited, and before the flames could be extinguished, was so severely injured that she died in a few days after suffering great agony.

ALL DIFFICULTIES as to the ground at Brighton for the Easter Monday volunteer field-day have been satisfactorily overcome, and the War Office arrangements will be made as soon as the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex's sanction has been obtained for the assembling of the volunteers at Brighton.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.—THE BRIDEGROOM CONDUCTED TO HIS PLACE ON THE HAUT PAS BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES SIGNING THE MARRIAGE REGISTER IN THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 221.)

BOOK I—CHAPTER VI.

The much-desired deed of marriage settlement, covering the skins of a considerable flock of sheep, arrived by the next steamer. It came out with Mr. Briscoe, junior of the firm of Pendersby, Holt, and Briscoe, who did business for the house of De Vergund. Mr. Briscoe expected to combine pleasure with profit, but he had a tough time of it, making the old lady understand the full bearing of the long-winded document; for understand it she would, inch by inch, and was often hard to convince that the draught instructions, previously debated and agreed upon in plain English, had not been altered in their translation into the language of marriage settlements. That diffuse, tautological, rignarolesque dialect seems to have been invented to save young ladies the pain of seeing distinctly, in black and white, the bill of sale by which they change owners.

Lady Ulrica, after hearing a skin or two, in which "the said trustee or trustees, or the survivor of them, or his or their heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns," seemed to recur in every line, declared it would drive her mad if she heard any more of it, and, as her exclamations of impatience disabled the Dowager's powers of attention, Lady Ulrica got a little freedom, while poor Mr. Briscoe was losing his holiday and pining for Pompeii, the top of Vesuvius, and the blue grotto. To do Lady Ulrica justice, she showed no signs of wavering or repenting of her bargain, and reposed a touching confidence in her parent's legal acumen in seeing that the pecuniary arrangements were all right. She was fully assured that Lady De Vergund's maternal instincts might be trusted not to part with her at a penny less than could be obtained. She took her mother's word for the figures in the rough.

A thousand a year, added to her own thousand, was secured to her sole and separate use during coverture. "That, my dear, is two thousand a year pin money while the Earl lives, and after his demise a jointure of fifteen thousand a year, exclusive of your own fortune."

"Yes; but two-thirds of it goes if I marry again."

"True, my darling, but it goes to maintenance and accumulations for your own children, and you won't marry again without sufficient reason; and even then you take five thousand a year and full control over your own forty thousand pounds away with you. You know I made a stand, and very nearly offended Lord Tintagel. The contingency of remarriage is a very delicate subject."

"All right! I might marry for love and live in a cottage on five thousand a year and forty thousand pounds ready money."

"Yes, my dear lady, when Lord Tintagel and I are dead; but I hope you will be wiser by that time than to think of doing it. Then there is a capital sum of a hundred thousand pounds settled on the children of this marriage. And if you don't marry again there is a handsome allowance for maintenance of each child extra."

"I don't seem to care so much about the children."

"But you will when you are a mother. Don't I care for you, wearing my old eyes and brains out over those endless parchments that you may be happy?"

"Well off, let us say," suggested the dutiful daughter, with a smile of dreary irony.

"How ungrateful our children are for all the trouble we take for them," thought this indefatigable elderly martyr to maternal solicitude, with a sigh. "However, let us be thankful she has been wise enough not to endanger her chances by playing the fool with that disinherited young good-for-nothing. He no doubt expected she would be ready for a runaway match. She is wilful and flighty at times, but she has more headpiece than that Master Gavelock. After she is married and done for who knows, but that is her affair, then, not mine. It is shocking bad taste his staying on here just now; but she seems to have infected him with a certain amount of discretion. I wish he was gone."

Nor did Lady De Vergund, who was his worst enemy, differ, as far as this wish went, from the best friend he had in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Sirendal heartily wished him gone, and was heartily ashamed of his taste in lingering on under such circumstances. True, he never went near the Tintagels except by special invitation, and then avoided all approach to Lady Ulrica, as much as could be done without marked antipathy. But why did he stay in Naples? When his cousin pushed him on this point, saying that, if Lady Ulrica gave him no hopes of breaking off the match, they ought to quit the neighbourhood at once, Gavelock replied, "How do you know she gives me no hopes?"

"Well, does she?"

"Does Lady Julia give you any hopes?"

"That is another question."

"If I was ready to set off for Marseilles by to-morrow's packet could you tear yourself away?"

"Certainly. Let us go and take our passages."

"Then you don't care about poor Julia? She will cry her eyes out if you leave her in the lurch."

"Non-sense. I don't say I may not care about her; but I came here to look after you. To help you to carry your woman off if she was willing; and, as it seems she is not, my first duty is to do my best to get you out of a place bristling with perils, scrapes, and indelicacies—where, in short, you have no business. Unless you really have hopes of marrying her, it is not fair to Lady Ulrica, or yourself, or Lord Tintagel to remain."

"If I had no hopes of one kind or another do you think I should remain?"

"If you have given up hopes of one kind that is enough for a man of honour. I cannot suppose you so base as to deal with hopes of another kind."

Gavelock winced a little at this, and then replied rather sharply, "You stick to Lady Julia and your own affairs, and you'll find plenty of employment for your administrative talents. I don't require any supernumerary assistance in taking care of myself, my interests, or my honour."

"I suppose you don't mean to quarrel with me for telling you what I think? I have no desire to leave Naples; quite the contrary. Whatever your dark allusions to Lady Julia may insinuate, I think her a very amiable and interesting girl, with a great deal of character; and I must beg you, if you know nothing to her discredit, to hint nothing. I hope you don't take your opinion of her from De Vergund, whom she hates and despises, as I think you cannot help doing, though you put up with him. I suppose you get a glimpse of her now and then, when the old dragon is dozing, or you would not frequent his company so much. I hear most horrible things of him."

"I thought we were to hint nothing unless we know it of our own knowledge. I have heard very nearly as horrible things of that old beast Tintagel whom you frequent. Of course, I know De Vergund is no saint; indeed, I may say, I am well aware he is a considerable sinner. But, as to believing he is as black as he is painted by Neapolitan artists, is slander. It is a shade too diabolical. Men are far too ready with their charcoal sketches of other men's characters. What the first man draws with a free hand from his own filthy imagination a puff of honest breath might blow away; instead of which, ten to one a sympathetic thumb smears it in, and a doubtful friend gives it a coat of transparent varnish that it may never wash out."

"But you don't suppose Lady Julia hates him and despises him, because she knows the bad we know, let alone hearing the worse we hear?"

"Indeed, I should hope not; but he carries the image and super-scription of the devil's coin clear enough in his countenance and conversation for any keen eye to read and recognise."

"Come, we are talking scandal ourselves; blackening other people to white-wash our own whiter-brown characters and schemes by contrast. You know you have private qualms of conscience about making love to Julia. You know Lady Matilda would be as much grieved if you made such a connection as mine would be if I married

Ulrica, and that I am much less likely to do, however anxious I might be to do it. You haven't got a governor to bully you; but, mind you, going against the mother's opinion in these affairs is the true gravamen of the misdeed. I consider opposition to the governor as a manly virtue, and a set-off to my filial rebellion against the true side of parental authority in matters matrimonial. In my case that moral and quasi-religious influence is somewhat disparaged by her appeal to the physical force of an irascible and dictatorial sire. But you have no father to bully you; and what a dear good mother Lady Matilda has been to you. Come, Edmund, my boy, let us shake hands, for we are but pot and kettle with all our wisdom and morality."

CHAPTER VII.

Was there any truth in that cruel suggestion as to what Lady Matilda would think of Julia as a daughter-in-law. Was there any obligation in natural morality that a young man should put on the maternal spectacles in looking out for a wife. Above all, was there anything serious in his relations with Lady Julia? There was a shade of truth, there was a sort of duty, Edmund Strensal confessed to himself, for he was very honest. But, unfortunately, his honest face was turned in a dangerous direction. He was drifting towards the point of Posilipo, and the frequency of his spontaneously taking that direction was the best answer—to the third proposition.

It had become almost a matter of course not to make formal visits at the house (where some one would have to be inquired for, which would have made an irksome kind of registration of their frequency), but to find himself somehow or another in those pleasant grounds about the house, where Lady Julia was to be found without asking for. Even the porter's lodge just inside the entrance tunnel, and the opening of those massive iron gates might have been an impediment. But the English are an amphibious nation; and among Strensal's travelling apparatus there was an indiarubber boat on a novel construction of his own device. He had had it made not long before, in contemplation of some outlandish lake-fishing expedition which still hung fire. This Neapolitan excursion might be a good opportunity of trying if the boat, especially the principle involved in it, held water. "A boat was a thing that might always be handy," he had pleaded, when his cousin was criticising the bulk of his equipment for a flying trip. "It's all packed up snug in its case as it came from the makers. It is not heavier than an average carpet-bag. One should always be as free of the elements as one can."

"I suppose in the other packages you have a wadded asbestos suit and platinum helmet, with tale-glazed eyeholes. A balloon, too, as a matter of course; but you'll hardly be complete without a diving-bell. Ah! I see; that's the diving-bell!"

"No, that's my bath. I always take my tub with me wherever I go."

"A true philosopher would be nowhere without his tub."

This scrap of conversation took place at the London Bridge terminus. The boat had a narrow escape of becoming a castaway in a storm of words at the dock; and paid a passing toll at the dogana. However, here it was, and Strensal could paddle about in it where he pleased, without the incumbrance of a boatman. It went better than such boats usually do, being formed of two long, taper-pointed, cigar-shaped air-bags, connected by a broad "Siamese-twin" belt of the same waterproof membrane, which belt, expanding with the same inflation as the long parallel air-cells, tightened them when pressed by the weight of the sitter; that weight was spread over the floatage, the seat supported, and the longitudinal cells kept apart by a light frame of woodwork jointed in sockets, so as to take to pieces and put up easily. The whole, with bellows and paddle, weighed only forty odd pounds. It was not a sort of craft to venture out to sea in, beyond swimming distance; but it served very well for coasting navigation between the hotel on the Chiaja and the Triton's Grotto.

The Triton's Grotto was a water cave beneath the overhanging bluff of a miniature promontory towards the eastern extremity of Lord Tintagel's two or three hundred yards of seaboard. A narrow pathway cut in the rock led round its angle into the grotto. This ledge, widening within the narrow recess, surrounded the water in an irregular horseshoe form. There were seats cut in the rock, and huge clam-shells, and spiral conchs and marine specimens decorated the cavern. Its entrance was partially blocked by a rude statue of a merman, among the coils of whose sprawling fish-tails the blue ripples washed, slightly rocking a shallow that lay charmed to an iron ring. By the side of this permanent occupant of the sheltered little subterranean haven there was room to moor Strensal's peculiar marine monster when it shot in under the Triton's elbow.

As it shot in on this particular occasion, "Hail, tamer of the twin Mackintosh dolphins!" cried Lady Julia's voice from the dim interior. "How do you do, Mr. Arion? I saw you in the distance, buffeting the waves, and came down to welcome you."

"Thanks for your hospitable salutation, Lady Amphitrite. The dolphins are pretty tame, but they still require a little humouring as I get off their backs."

"What is that queer-looking thing like an accordion or a concertina?"

"That is a wind instrument, certainly; but it plays only one simple air, 'the atmospheric.' Without it, however, the dolphins could not be inspired with their buoyant elasticity. In short, it is the bellows." And he brought them with him, as he stepped on the rock ledge, and showed her its mechanism.

"So that is your modern substitute for Arion's lyre."

"Yes. Is there any news? Does Lady Ulrica make any sign?"

"Oh, he is in great spirits. You know the day has been fixed."

"No. When?"

"Next Thursday; only three days. Do you think Lord Gavelock knows?"

"He tells me nothing now. Upon my word, I do not understand him at all. He seems to take his disappointment with wonderful coolness."

"When did you leave him? What was he doing? What do you think he is meditating?"

"I should say his meditations were of a very visionary and indefinite kind when I left him, for he was fast asleep on the sofa."

"Dear me, that does not look like anxiety of mind. But perhaps he is restless at night. What time does he go to bed?"

"That I cannot say. He always sits up long after me; but, then, I am an early riser. I found him at breakfast to-day, when I came back from a long visit to the Museum; he seemed only half awake then, and fell asleep over his cigar. At least, his cigar fell asleep over him, rather, with all its ashes; and if 'their wonted fires' had lived 'even in their ashes' he might have woke a much more ardent lover than he went to sleep. I don't understand his state of mind at all. I have told him if he sees no signals from Lady Ulrica, he ought to go away at once. But advice of that kind only seems to make him angry. I am really unhappy about him, and I do not know what to think. I am almost sorry I ever agreed to join him in this mad expedition. But he was so different then. He appeared only too headstrong in his straightforward impulse to direct action. I cannot help thinking it was a mistake to divert him from it in the first instance."

"Yes, no doubt I was wrong, if I could have foreseen the result; but when we do not understand the course events are now taking before our eyes, how should I have foreseen them. I acted on a woman's instinct, which is naturally averse to rash disclosures. I supposed he would have taken Lady Ulrica's decision, and that it was more likely to be in his favour if he appealed to it quietly than if he claimed it violently. If you do not know what to think of Lord Gavelock, I do not know what to think of Lady Ulrica. I feel certain there is some understanding between them, and they both seem agreed to let the marriage go forward. What is your opinion of Lady Ulrica? Do you feel as if you could imagine any very atrocious falsehood or treachery under so fair an outward? They say men never can believe anything bad of a pretty woman."

"They might just as well say women can believe no wrong of a handsome man. Lord De Vergund, now, for instance, is handsome, but his good looks do not shield him from your instinctive suspicions

and dislike, for I take it for granted you know nothing to his disadvantage?"

Strensal had no great power of disguising the natural play of his countenance. The change of tone in which he suddenly added this parenthetical supposition, and the keen glance of his eye which accompanied it, while it proved the question to be unpremeditated, made it more startling to Lady Julia, who did know a great deal to Lord De Vergund's disadvantage. She changed colour, and a momentary expression of alarm flickered and was gone.

"I know nothing, of my own knowledge, more than that old ladies shake their heads about him. Young ladies are not supposed to know anything particular about the virtues or the vices of men. We take their characters on trust from our mothers and grandmothers, if we are lucky enough to have any. I am one of the unfortunates in that respect. I have nobody to tell me who is good or who is bad, nor even what goodness and badness really are. I fear I am a sad heathen. I have been brought up like a wandering gipsy. Do I seem to you very wild and strange? Am I at all like other young ladies of my age in England?"

Her eyes, which seemed almost self-luminous in the dim light of the cave, were fixed full upon him with a searching gaze, that seemed to constrain him to return a direct answer to her direct question. He thought how an average home-grown young lady of seventeen, who after an acquaintance of a week or so might have found herself alone with him in such a place, would have sat and looked at him; and, while he thought so, he repeated her words meditatively, "at all like other young ladies of your age in England?" "No, not at all?"

There was no rapturous emphasis in his tone, as if he meant his answer to imply, "Like thee, indeed! fairest and brightest among millions!" Something in the conversation, probably the mention of mothers and grandmothers, and their teachings of right and wrong, had caused him unconsciously to slip on the maternal spectacles just at that inopportune moment, and he had a sort of collateral vision of the verdict which Lady Matilda Strensal, sitting there by his side, as the forewoman of a jury of British matrons, would have given in the case under judgment. The words passed his lips mechanically, moved by the undercurrent of his thoughts. He only perceived that he had said something unsatisfactory, as he read the altered expression of the lustrous eyes. Was there not something ill-omened in the light of that luxuriant loveliness? He was not a man easily affected by imaginative whims; but the idea of danger beneath that sparkling surface of beauty had occurred to him vaguely before, and struck him more distinctly now than ever. He felt as if he ought to say something to qualify the baldness of his last words with a turn of complimentary inference. But the eyes were still fixed on him, though not as pleasantly as before, and the complimentary qualification did not reach his lips.

"You would be a dangerous enemy," was all he said.

"That is better, at any rate, than being a dangerous friend. Is it not rather cold here?" she added, rising with a slight shudder. "You are warm with rowing. Is it hard work paddling the dolphins? I wonder whether I could manage them."

"If you once got safely afloat they would not easily upset. Are you accustomed to the water?"

"I can manage my own boat pretty well. Perhaps I had better be satisfied with that. Let us put out to sea."

She stooped and unlocked the padlock with a silver key at her chataleine.

"Shall I row you?"

"No; I will row myself. I feel cold. Let us have a race. Do you think I and my boat are a match for you and the dolphins?"

"That will depend a good deal on your powers as a water-woman."

Lady Julia seemed to know what she was about, at least in the use of the boathook. And by the time Strensal cleared the Triton she had turned her boat round and was resting on her oars ready for the start. She rowed after the Mediterranean fashion—standing up and throwing her weight into the forward stroke. She gradually distanced the dolphins, and paused to be overtaken. I suppose the application of force is not so direct, but the movement of the body is far more graceful than our sitting pull. And as Strensal watched the lithe, vigorous young figure in its measured sway, thrown forward and recovered by the spring of the bending oar; and that bright young face, with heightened colour, turned towards him in girlish triumph, he felt disposed to doubt whether Venus skimming over the ripples in her dove-drawn scallop-shell could have been so bewitching an apparition as that lovely young waterwoman.

"I am fairly vanquished at sea," he cried, out of breath with unavailing exertion; "but I will give you odds in a race on land if we are handicapped with our respective boats as weight."

"Then we will turn back. I meant to have rowed out a few miles beyond the horizon. How is it I outstrip you? You are at least three times as strong as I am, and my boat is more than three times as heavy."

"You row on both sides at once with the impetus of your body, while I paddle first on one side and then on the other, and only by the exertion of my arms. The momentum of your heavy boat, when it is once in motion, keeps its way on between the strokes. I could get much more speed out of my boat if I fitted it with rowlocks and a stretcher and a good pair of sculls; but then it would have to be stronger, and heavier, and more cumbersome. It was made for fishing and duck-shooting, and it may answer well enough for that still; but, after my present defeat, I shall never go in for the waterman's silver scull and Doggett's badge with it. As to you, you are a great performer, and there is no knowing what prizes you might not carry off. But what surprises me even more than your skill is that the exertion does not seem to distress you—breathing, let me call it."

"You may say my wind if you please. I like to keep myself in pretty good training. I get up early in the morning and have a swim, and then I either run for half an hour at my best pace up and down hill round my measured half mile in the grounds, or take a brisk row, which does as well."

"And how many times can you cover your half-mile in the half-hour?"

"Between eight and nine. I cannot quite get it up to nine; but for a short distance I can run pretty fast. I can do one mile in six minutes, or half a mile in two minutes and a half, but that makes me pant very hard."

"I should think so; but surely you cannot go that pace dressed as you are?"

"Oh, no! Not exactly. I wear a better costume for exercise before breakfast. You look as if you wondered what sort of costume; but I will not describe it, or you might think me still more unlike other young ladies of my age. But I hold with Lycurgus, that both men and women should learn the use of their limbs."

Mr. Strensal almost began to wonder whether Lady Julia agreed with Lycurgus also in his peculiar theories on costume; but he said, "I need not offer to help you to put up the boat, so I may as well say 'Good afternoon' here outside."

"Must you be going so soon?"

"Yes, we dine early to-day, to be in time for the opera. Is there any chance of your being there?"

"Not much. My father does not like to move so soon after dinner. He sometimes is in time for the ballet, but I do not much care for that. The De Vergunds are to be there. Lady Ulrica reminded her mother about it when she was agreeing to dine here to-day. There was something she particularly wanted to hear in the first act. Do you think there is anything Lord Gavelock particularly wants to hear in the first act, too? Good-by." They shook hands and parted about a hundred yards in front of the grotto's entrance. Before he had paddled far enough for the angle of the little promontory to cut off a last look, Strensal turned his head and saw that as the boat entered the cave a figure in black velvet passed round the rock and disappeared. "What mischief is that skulking little scamp after now?" he growled to himself, and felt inclined to turn back and see if the circumstances might admit of his administering a thrashing or a ducking, or both, to the black velvet figure, in which he recognised that detestable Marquis. But what excuse was there for going

back after he had said good-by? By George, though, I've left the bellows, and I must go back for them, come what may!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Now, Lord De Vergund being a personage whose presence in this narrative is to be as much as possible relegated to some chamber of horrors in the dark background, we will take but a very cursory glimpse at the "mischief the skulking little scamp was after." Strange to say, the little scamp was absurdly jealous. We do not find virtuous people consistent, but we somehow expect consistency in the vicious. Lord De Vergund had swindled Lady Julia out of the affections which he did not want. He had rather been glad than sorry when her discovery of his true character suspended the embarrassing relations between them. The study of her wounded feelings, writhing helplessly under the infliction of his now odious society (knowing, as he did, that she dare not reveal her secret), amused him even more than his former experiments. For his was one of those cold and cruel natures which extract their own keenest sense of enjoyment from the contact of another's pain. This is no occasion to discuss the mysterious link of connection between apparently distinct and incompatible phases of evil. It is an acknowledged fact in the morbid anatomy of the passions, that at a certain depth of depravity sensuality merges in a fiendish delight in torture. There is a horrible story of two rival gourmands laying a competitive wager on the production of the finest specimen of a foie gras. Their respective geese were pining favourably under exuberant diet in their highly-heated houses, and seemed well advanced in the desired liver complaint, when one of the martyr birds suddenly showed signs of returning health and spirits, and, when killed, had scarcely any foie gras worth mentioning. The treacherous rival had daily dropped a good pinch of grey powder, or some still more wholesome anti-bilious drug, into his competitor's feeding-dish. The loser's indignation on discovering this unauthorised medical practitioner's therapeutic intrusion may easily be imagined. And Lord De Vergund similarly felt himself outraged and ill-used when his interesting victim, whose heart he had been developing (like the poor goose's liver), so suddenly recovered her tone and cheerfulness, Mr. Strensal being the abominably-wholesome drug. He had seen his arrival with disgust, and waited for his departure with impatience. He was a good deal bored and hampered of late with his mother and sister, and had to come with them and spend a good deal of time, which nowadays seemed dreadfully tedious, at the villa. So it came to pass that he deemed himself insulted and injured by Lady Julia so rapidly consoling herself, and treating him as without consequence for good or for evil, so soon after reproaching him with having withered up her youth. There had been lately in her manner towards the Marquis an ostentation of setting him at naught which awakened some misgivings in Strensal's unsuspicious mind. Was it possible she should have cared for such a man?

Lord De Vergund entered the grotto with the full intention of making himself disagreeable.

"So your Ladyship is alone, at last," he said.

"My Lord, I wish to be alone."

"Alone with the new love, of course. I would not disturb you while you were undergoing consolation."

"You dare not have intruded where your presence was unwelcome while a man was there to treat you as you deserve. I am obliged to tolerate your presence in society; but I beg you will respect my solitude. Go!"

"Your Ladyship's solitude is most truly respectable; especially that double solitude made doubly respectable by a big young man's assistance."

"Stand aside, rascal, and let me pass!" she cried, in a tone which anger and a touch of alarm heightened.

A shadow crossed the grotto's entrance, and Strensal leapt upon the ledge.

"What is the matter?"

"Lord De Vergund turned round with a hangdog expression which clearly showed there was some wrong to redress, and Lady Julia burst into tears. De Vergund made as if he would pass; but Strensal put his arms across as a barrier, and said, 'Wait a moment, my Lord. Till Lady Julia tells me she has no complaint to make against you, I bid you stand!'"

"Do you dare to question me thus? Give way!"

"Not a step till Lady Julia so advises me."

"He detained me here against my will, when I would have escaped from his insults. Oh! I shall die of this deadly shame!" She covered her face with her hands, and sat down sobbing.

"This is a trap laid between you. Beware how you trifle with me," said Lord De Vergund, thrusting his hand into his breast.

The movement was not lost upon Strensal, who had the advantage of the light in seeing his adversary's eye. As the eye meant mischief, albeit before the hand was in the breast-pocket, Strensal's iron gripe was on his wrist; one instantaneous wrench brought the hand out of the pocket with a pistol in it.

"Leave go, or I fire!" gasped the Marquis.

"You might be more likely to fire if I allowed you to cock it first," Strensal replied, as he brought forward the armed but imprisoned hand with a twist that almost dislocated the shoulder; and the pistol, which had fallen clattering on the rock, he quietly pushed over the edge into the water by a touch of his foot.

"Perhaps it might be safer to damp him bodily, in case he has more of these fireworks about him. Shall I put him in?"

"He carries but one pistol. Will you not beat him first?"

"I don't much like beating him. He is such a feeble creature, and groans so; we must not hurt him too much. Now, my Lord, I will slacken the twist on your arm if you will give up groaning and attend to me a moment. You have misbehaved yourself on this occasion very grossly, and certain indignities are due to you; but as you seem unable to bear much pain, I will administer them to you delicately. You have spoken uncivilly to this lady, therefore I give you this light backhand, with my loose knuckles, in the face. You have used ungentlemanlike expressions to me, so I thus gently pull your nose. You have shown yourself in all respects a dastard and a poltroon, so I lift you off your knees and turn you round, and give you this very moderate kick. And now, Lady Julia, shall I set him down on his knees again to beg your pardon?"

"No, I cannot pardon him! Let him go. He deserves more than he can be repaid on this side of the grave." The wretched culprit slunk away like—there is no zoological comparison that can convey the abject plight of this crestfallen nobleman. Such a thing might have happened to a charity boy apprenticed to a stout dustman, if the ill-conditioned cub had been found making dishonourable proposals to his master's daughter. But a Marquis whose peerage dated from Henry VIII's reign!

"How shall I thank you, Mr. Strensal?"

"Not at all. I can assure you I felt it a positive pleasure to have the opportunity. Good-by again. By-the-way, I am forgetting what I came back for—I had left Arion's lyre." Lady Julia remembered when he was gone that, in his hurry to avoid her thanks, he had not shaken hands.

"He has been enough! He will think no more of me now. It is more necessary than ever to break off this marriage."

CHAPTER IX.

Blood has for many centuries been properly held to be the most powerful abstergent, in the bleaching process, by which stains of indigity are to be removed from that curiously-mixed textile fabric men call honour. If I have my face slapped and my nose pulled, &c., by a stronger man than myself, "blood alone can wash it out." But, say, poe! I deserved to have my nose pulled, &c., why, all the more, "blood alone, &c."

Men are very sceptical about one another's courage. Courage is to the utterly pagan system of honour what charity is in the Christian code—the capital virtue covering a multitude of minor sins.

Whether I am in the right or wrong, my fellow-men are perfectly ready to put implicit faith in my revengeful animus; so much so, that, if I do not revenge myself, it is clear proof I am a coward. Come what may, cowardice must not be tolerated.

Don't you see, if you allow yourself to be bullied, somebody may bully me next. Therefore, if you have, wrongfully or rightfully, your nose pulled, remember "blood alone, &c." is to be your motto, or I have no more to say to you. I cannot be on terms with a man whose example of base acquiescence might encourage some hitherto suppressed ruffian to pull my nose.

The rule is absolute. "When you have received an affront, your honour cannot brook, put your case at once in the hands of a friend."

Lord De Vergund was in this position, and the question was what particular friend he should select. It was not a pleasant story as it stood; but were the parties in possession of it likely, for the present, to say much about it? Was it prudent for himself to publish it by putting himself in the hands of a second?

Besides, once take that conceit, and he would have to be shot at. He did not like the idea of being shot at.

Now he came to think of it, he found himself curiously attached to the life which so often had bored him in spite of the most unlimited self-indulgence. Still, "blood alone" must be his motto, and "put your case in the hands of a friend," rule absolute.

In thinking over the miscellaneous and not very select list of his Neapolitan acquaintance, one Salvatore Sbirronero rose prominently to the surface of his meditations. Though the name may sound well enough to the British ear, the individual who bore it was neither of lofty origin nor high social position.

Born a ragamuffin of the amphibious populace of Santa Lucia, he had been brought up, so to speak, in the gutters and cesspools of moral degradation in one of the worst of Europe's capital cities. He finished his education as a trooper in one of King Ferdinand's cavalry regiments, from which he was drummed out with all the military dishonours.

Since that crisis in his career, which was succeeded by a term of penal servitude in the Isle of Ponza, he had lived on his wits, which were highly cultivated in all criminal arts, and the congenial soil of his original nature was enriched to the uttermost by perpetual percolation of the sewage of humanity's ugliest vices.

As it requires special gifts of nature to be eminent in any way, Salvatore Sbirronero had not attained to the distinction of being about the greatest rascal unhung in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies without exceptional qualities. He was cunning, secret, unscrupulous, and daring in no ordinary degree. Physically, he was broad-planted, thickset, wide-shouldered, and long-armed. His crisp, curled head and vigorous neck had a coarse classical beauty. He looked like a clumsily and vulgarly modelled modern copy of the Antinous, or rather what Antinous might have become at the age of six-and-thirty. Salvatore was lounging in the sunset at a corner of the Largo di Castello when Lord De Vergund accosted him in passing.

"Be at the door you know in the Salita del Vomero at seven hours of night,"

Salvatore nodded assent without a word. He was aware that a lengthened colloquy in the market-place was not desirable. Scarcely an hour had passed since the affront, and Lord De Vergund had already taken the first step towards putting his case in the hands of a friend.

(To be continued.)

ON THE "SWELLS" OF DRAMATIC FICTION.

ON Wednesday next Mr. Sothern terminates his engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, and plays Lord Dundreary for the 394th time. Appropriately enough, this most foolish of foolish lords bids adieu to the London public on the evening of the 1st of April. For nearly four hundred nights has every class of theatre-goer besieged the doors, stormed the boxes, invaded the pit, and swooped into the gallery to see one of the worst pieces ever presented to a patient and long-enduring public, because that piece contained a new and original representation, which, allowing for the artistic exaggeration necessary to secure dramatic popularity, was perfect of its kind. No actor ever looked more like the character he personated than Mr. Sothern looks like a nobleman; and no actor ever more completely submerged his own individuality. But we must not take up our readers' time in praising Mr. Sothern's performance, on the excellence of which newspaper critics have exhausted all the adjectives that need to be employed in describing the first sight of the Alps or Niagara. Our object is briefly to trace "swellism" from the time of Shakespeare; and, in doing so, we shall find that fashion, usually running to extremes, reaches a culminating point of absurdity; that that culminating point is seized by the able dramatist, and that the character that portrays it becomes a type, or representative man—be it of Maccaroni, Mohock, Blood, Buck, Pop, Dandy, or Modern Swell.

It is curious to observe the many respects in which these various types are similar and dissimilar to Dundreary. The first of these mirrors to passing folly was held up by Shakespeare in "Love's Labour Lost." The young nobles about the Court of Elizabeth had fantastic whims, begotten of too much leisure and the tobacco dreams introduced by Raleigh, of falling in love with an ideal mistress, a creature having no like in life, whom they created out of their own vain imaginings, and for whom they sighed, and to whom they wrote verses, as if the smoke-bred visions had entity and existence. This folly the great master seized on and embodied in Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard; and one can imagine that at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres the appearance of the affected Don was hailed with the same sort of immediate personal pleasure as the appearance of Dundreary at the Haymarket; and that the words, "I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread," produced a roar of laughter similar to that which now greets the Dundreary exclamation, that any difficulty is "one of those things that no fella can find out." The word "swell" distinctly applies to Don Armado; but he is a lazy, languishing, literary, poetic, opium-headed sort of a swell, the very reverse of an idiot, and the exact opposite of a fool. To wit, in the squire, who swelled and swaggered in country taverns, found their type in Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and, though no swell, it is curious to find in how many points he bears a resemblance to the aristocratic noodle of the Haymarket. As an instance, we will graft the Dundreary mispronunciation on two of Sir Andrew's speeches:—

Malvolio. Thou dost spend the treasure of thy time with a foolish Knight.

Sir Andrew. That's me, I warrant you.

Malvolio. One Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. I knew twath I, for many do call me fool.

This shows exactly the state of semi-conscience of stupidity exhibited by Dundreary. Le Beau is the smooth-tongued courtier with a clever head; Osrick the same type with a foolish one; and Mercutio the concentrated essence of the sparkling, wild, riotous, unamiable animal spirits of a gallant, a gentleman, a scholar, and a soldier.

The comedies that immediately succeeded the Restoration are now happily unquotable, and we must jump at once to Sir Novelty Fashion, in Cibber's "Love's last Shift; or, the Fool in Fashion." Sir Novelty was only a well-dressed fop and a fool, who, when told that his sleeve was too extravagant, said, "Nay, Madam, there you wrong me; mine does but just reach my knuckles; my Lord Overdo's covers his diamond ring." As Lord Foppington, in Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse," a sequel to "Love's Last Shift," he is infinitely more amusing. Vain, heartless, frivolous, and preening, my Lord Foppington is immensely inferior in *morale* to Lord Dundreary. Our modern nobleman is almost unconscious of his title. Lord Foppington is always talking of his "quality." Dundreary confines himself to the ordinary vocabulary. Foppington lards his discourse with such expressions as "Strike me dumb," "As God shall judge me," &c. It is curious to observe how much mispronunciation, or rather its affectation, is a part of the swelldom of all dates. Dundreary is devoid of all vulgarity. Foppington is absolutely perfumed with it. The former offers his lady-love "a

* That is, seven hours and a half after sundown. The Italian day begins half an hour after the sun has set, and its hours count up to twenty-four o'clock—from dusk to dusk.

shrimp and some fresh-laid milk;" the latter says to his newly-arrived brother, "'Tis possible I may dine with some of our haire at Latchett's. Stap my vitals! What's there for dinner? There's beef! I suppose my brother will eat beef." His congratulations on his brother's marriage are admirably characteristic.

"Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon coeur*. Strike me dumb! you have marry'd a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her ayres (airs—manners), prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice maralety, split my windpipe!" In fine, Lord Dundreary is a gentleman, while Lord Foppington is only a Peer.

In the year 1700, in Farquhar's "Constant Couple," Sir Harry Wildair took the town by storm. He was a modern Mercutio, minus the chivalry and plus the taint of Parisian vice. Handsome, witty, brilliant, travelled, a man of parts, every answer he made, if not quite an epigram, was at least a repartee. His questions when he first enters on the stage give a curious notion of the manners and morals of the day. He asks—

"What lord has lately broken his fortune at the Groom Porter's? or his heart at Newmarket for the loss of a race? What wife has been lately suing in Doctor's Commons for alimony, or what daughter run away with her father's valet? What man gave the noblest ball at Bath, or had the finest coach in the ring?"

He makes love with wit, as in the scene with Lady Teaswell:—

Lady Teaswell. Where is Count La Vallière?

Wild. His body's in the church of Notre Dame—I don't know where his soul is.

Lure. What disease did he die of?

Wild. A duel, Madam; I was his doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most doctors do—I kill'd him!

Young Mirabell, in "The Inconstant," has no point of similarity with Dundreary; but his friend, Captain Durefere, who is described by the author as "an honest, good-natured fellow, who thinks himself a greater fool than he is," has much in common with him. With ladies Durefere "is so playfully bashful—so naturally an ass upon these occasions;" and he makes one remark worthy of Dundreary, if that inconsequent personage were endowed with reason—"Did you ever know, man, that 'twas metaphysics made me an ass?" We can imagine Dundreary, when lost in some hopeless endeavour to trace effect to cause, saying that "metaphytheek made him an ass."

The long procession of Captain Brazens and Captain Plomes, Sir George Aireys, Marplots, and Rangers our limits will not permit us to follow; but we halt with pleasure at genial Goldsmith's Mr. Honeywood, in "The Good-Natured Man," a type of the perfect gentleman embarrassed by debts and good feeling. Young Belcour, in "The West Indian," is the same sort of spirit in another sort of form, and in Charles Surface we have the gentleman a little spoilt by the tone of the tavern. In Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," Harry Dornton is a fine, dashing fellow, but nothing of a "swell;" and Goldsmith is but a groom with fortune. In Colman's "John Bull," the Honourable Tom Shuttleton is another sort of well-born harpy—clever, scheming, and heartless.

Of the various types of military swell we have had too many, both in plays and novels. In conclusion, Dundreary must be allowed to be mentally idiotic and morally good. He differs from other idiots in the fact of being in a perpetual state of internal warfare with his own imbecility. Speaking phenologically, his comparison is too large for his causality. He is ignorant of the reason of anything, and wants to know the reason of everything. His chief fun consists in the liberal use of the non-sequitur. He would say, "It is half-past three o'clock, therefore I will go and buy an umbrella." He would not buy an umbrella because the sky lowered, but because it was three o'clock. Dundreary is, essentially, a gentleman, and would fight in what he believed to be a good cause, with his glass stuck in his eye. He could, doubtless, ride across country and leap a fence gallantly, but he would not know how to buy a horse, or to minister to him when sick; and, altogether, we prefer him infinitely to the sots, rakes, roués, tavern-jesters, and heartless wits, which dramatic literature would fain make us believe have been the choicest spirits among the upper ten thousand for the last four centuries.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

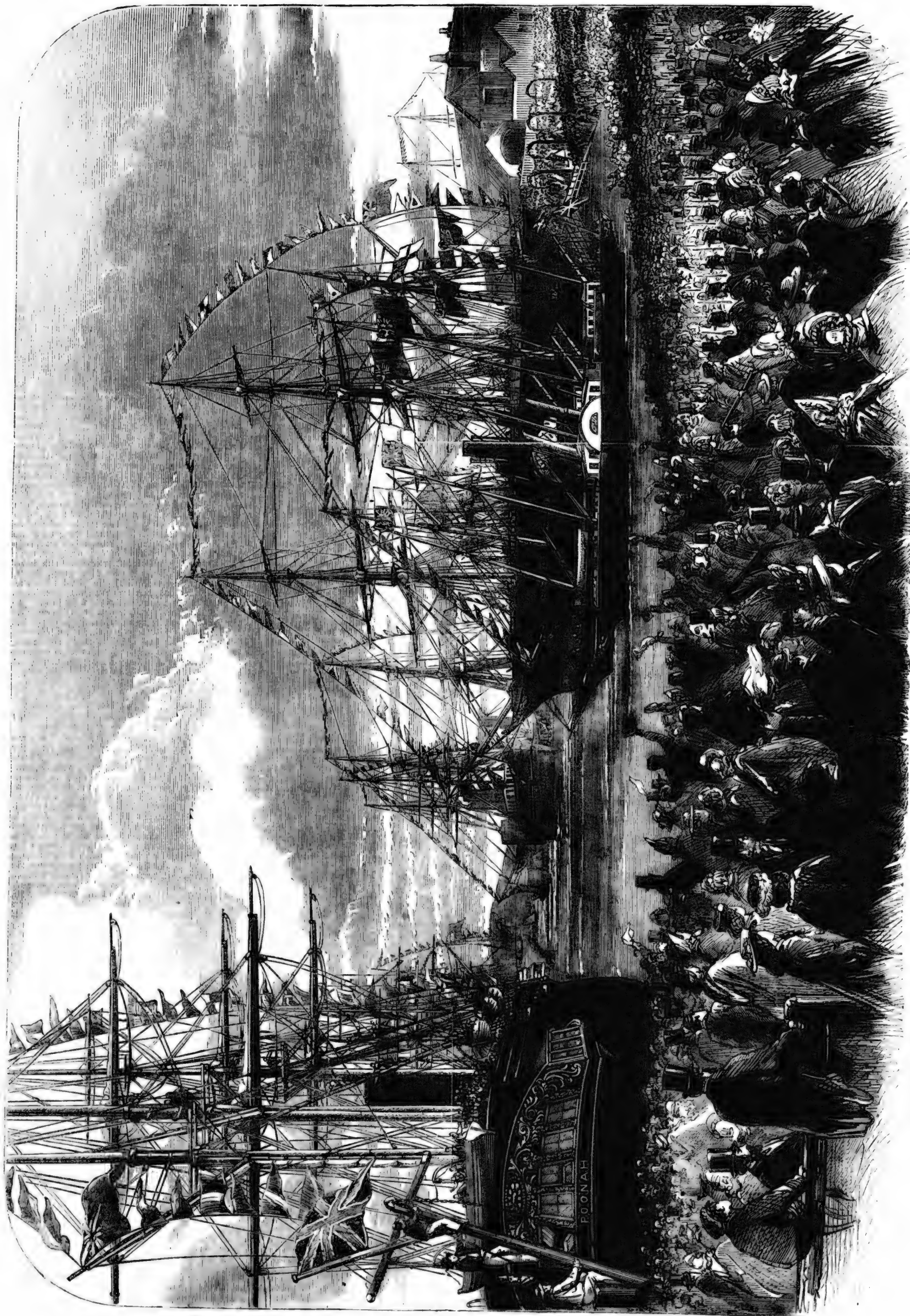
"AURORA FLOYD" AT THE ADELPHI.—"TAMING THE TRUANT" AT THE OLYMPIC.—MR. SKETCHLEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.—GOSSIP.

"Pronounced by the press a great Adelphi triumph," say the advertisements. Hemi! What Adelphi triumph does one recollect? "Victorine," "The Wreck Ashore," "The Green Basher," "Flowers of the Forest," "The Dead Heart," "Janet Pride." Well, the dramatic version of "Aurora Floyd" is not a patch upon any one of these. It is a very long, complicated, and, truth to tell, somewhat tedious story; and shares, with the Princess' version, the mistake of being remarkably unlike the novel. There is, however, this difference between the two dramas, that while the Princess' errs in omissions, the Adelphi is cumbered with ridiculous redundancies and in singular complications. The whole character of the "Softy" is warped and twisted from a half-witted, revengeful country *cretin* into a downy, hump-backed, sporting blackguard; and the horsewhipping he receives from Aurora for maltreating her dog—upon which the main action of the story hinges—is given to him in the play by a furious virago simply because he is insolent to her, gives her what is vulgarly termed "cheek." Then, as to the acting. With the exception of Mr. Webster, of whom more anon, and Mr. and Mrs. Billington, both of whom are admirable, none of the actors seem to know anything about the book. Does Miss A. Jones imagine that anybody in the nineteenth century would walk about her rooms or her husband's park and groan in the most terrific manner, in depths of guttural tone, associated with the Tartar bride and Astley's Amphitheatre? Does Mr. Phillips imagine that Conyers was a smart and toffish liverly-stable keeper, perpetually forefinger his hat? Does Mr. Paul Bedford think that captains in the merchant service wear broken straw hats, smugglers' thigh-boots, and the red waistcoats of horse-holding touts? Miss Simma gave a capital rendering of Lucy, who is described as a very silly person, for she did nothing but open her eyes and look like vacancy itself. Mr. Billington, by his performance of John Mellish, raised himself from a pleasant walking gentleman into an admirable character actor; and Mrs. Billington was the exact incarnation of Mrs. Powell as drawn by Miss Braddon. Mr. Webster's "Softy" is one of those extraordinary bits of acting in which this excellent artist rivals the best French actors: it is conscientious, telling, artistic in the highest degree, but it is not the Softy. All the appointments of the piece were admirable.

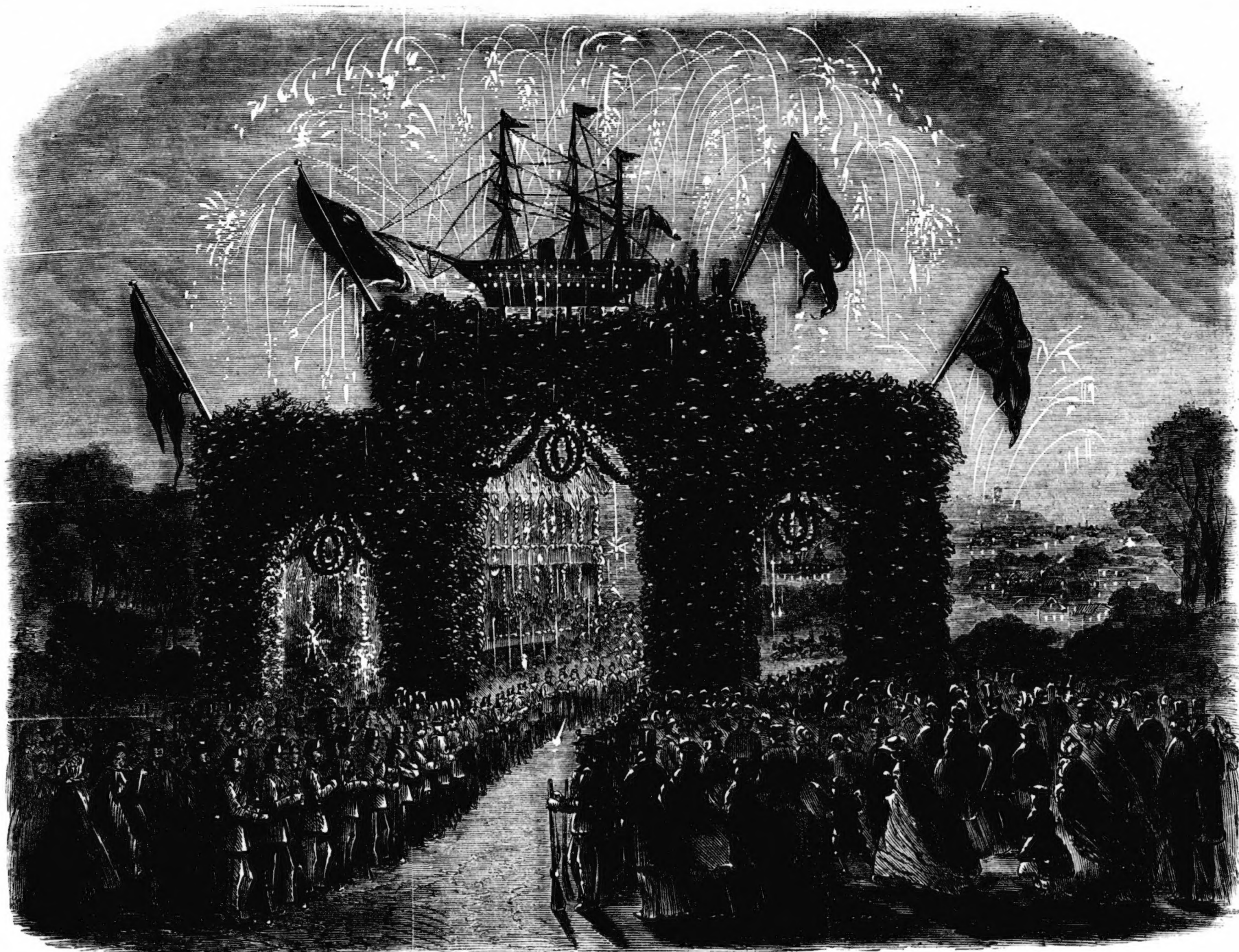
"Taming the Truant" is one of those light French impossibilities where paccant husbands are cured of connubial infidelities by preposterous tricks played by *jeunes reues*. We have all seen this a hundred times, but have never seen it better played than by Miss Hughes and Mr. Neville, and never heard such a noble avowal on the stage as that made by Mr. Horace Wigan, who, when the cry for "author" was raised, declared that that person was in Paris, but that he, the adapter, stood before them.

"Entertainments" have become quite the rage now a days. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Mr. Yates and Mr. Power, and a host of others are, or have been of late, entertaining the public; and now we have a fresh candidate for favour in the person of Mr. Arthur Sketchley, with a very clever entertainment in two parts, entitled "A Quiet Morning," and "Mrs. Brown at the Play," both worked out without the aid of scenery or dresses. Mr. Sketchley appears at St. James's Hall, where very elegant arrangements have been made for him under the superintendence of Mr. Owen Jones. The latter part of the entertainment is of the comic order of performances, and details the adventures of a lady of the Sarah Gamp school on a visit to the Victoria Theatre. Mr. Sketchley's efforts to amuse his audience were markedly successful.

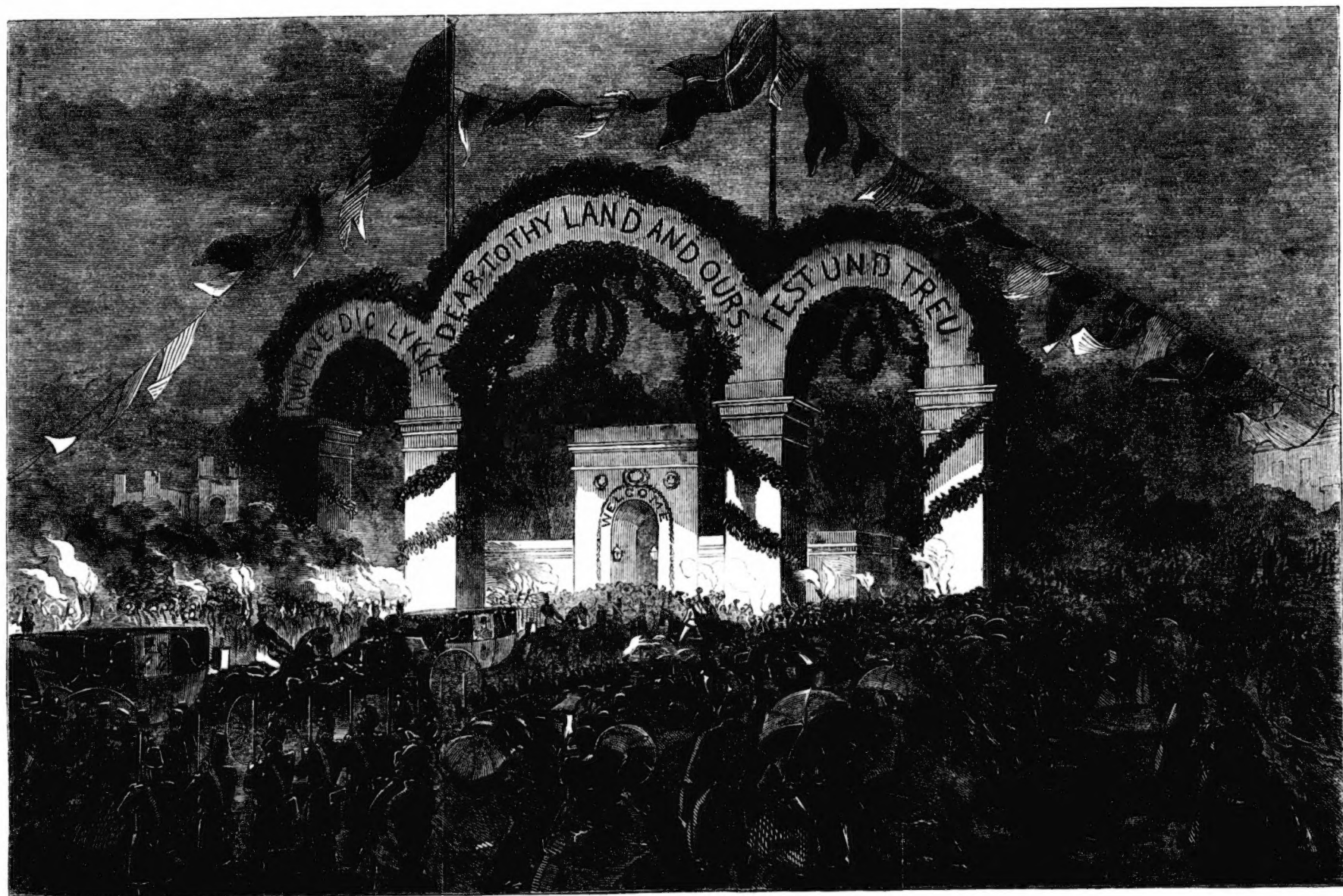
"Acis and Galatea," formerly rendered by Mr. Burnand, is the Easter novelty at the OLYMPIC. Mr. James Rogers leaves the STRAND for the St. JAMES'S, where Mr. Brough has provided him with a burlesque on "Ellis Deans!" Mr. Fechter closes the LYCEUM during Passion Week, and runs over for a short holiday to Paris. "Peep o' Day" is to be revived at DRURY LANE on Easter Monday.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, IN BAUTE FROM WINTSOR TO O-BOINE, ENBARKING ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT FAIRY AT SOUTHAMPTON. (FROM A SKETCH BY P. BRANNON.)



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—THE ROYAL CARRIAGES ASCENDING PARK-ROAD, EAST COWES.—(FROM A SKETCH BY P. BRANNON.)



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT OSBORNE HOUSE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY P. BRANNON.)

ASHTON.

Similar occurrences took place on Saturday, and, to a smaller extent, on Sunday. On Monday, however, the authorities had succeeded in pretty well asserting their supremacy, though the town still continued in a very unsettled state.

Mr. Maon then proceeded to read the Riot Act amid cheers, hootings, and cries of "We want bread; we've got to money." The mob was then told to disperse, and they proceeded along Portland-street and Catherine-street to a baker's shop in Caverdish-street, into which a portion of them broke and seized a number of loaves that were on the counter and threw them out at the door. The mob from this place went towards the gasworks, whither they were followed by the police, and soon afterwards the police, taking another route through Oldham-street, were assailed by a shower of stones. One of the missiles struck Mr. Mason, but did not severely hurt him. The moment the stones were thrown the police faced about and confronted the mob, now consisting of at least 3000 people. The Hussars, who had been stationed in Henry-square, now came up and charged the mob with drawn swords, but rode through them without inflicting injury. The mob was broken and dispersed for the time, but a considerable number again collected and proceeded towards Dukinfield, sackings several shops on their way. At Dukinfield they were received by a body of the county constabulary, under Captain Elgee, who, with the assistance of the military, dispersed and drove them back to Stalybridge.

IN THE STAMP DEPARTMENT of a Manchester post-office last week four £5 notes were found to be missing. A careful search being made in the stamp drawer, a small hole was discovered in the further corner, from which a mouse-run was followed to a nest made of the fragments of the missing bank-notes. Three young mice in the nest were summarily committed to a tub of water for their mother's misdeeds. The fragments were carefully collected and the four notes entirely restored.

After some further evidence, both accused persons were pronounced guilty, and sentence was passed of five years' imprisonment on Garcia, and of thirteen months' on Calzado.

THE NEGROES AND THE WAR.—The following colloquy is reported to have taken place between a six-foot negro in New York and a white citizen, shortly after the Act for raising coloured regiments was passed by Congress. White citizen:—“Well, Jim, I suppose you will be off to the war presently?” Jim:—“Deed, Massa, shall be no such ting.” White citizen:—“Why not?” You derkies are the cause of this war. You are the bone of contention. Why don’t you go and fight?” Did you ever see coupla ob dogs fight over a bone?” Jim:—“No, Massa. Did you?” “Did you?” “No, Massa. Well, Jim am de bone; he don’t mean to fight. Let de dogs do dat.”

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